

23 Sir Barnaby Whigg:

OR,

No Wit like a WOMAN'S.

A

COMEDY.

AS IT IS

Acted by their MAJESTIES SERVANTS

AT THE

Theatre-Royal.

---

Written by THOMAS DUFFEY, Gent.

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*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, Ira, voluptas,  
Gaudia, discursus nostri farrago libelli est.* Juvenal.

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L O N D O N,

Printed by A. G. and J. P. for Joseph Hindmarsh, at the Black  
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Gentle, pleasant, and useful to all.

LONDON.

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To the Right Honourable GEORGE Earl  
of Berkeley, Viscount Dursely, Lord Berkeley  
of Berkeley-Castle, &c.

MY LORD,

**I**T was one of the most prudent Actions of Virgil's Life, to bestow the fruits of his admired Genius, and prostrate the Labours of his Honoured Muse at the feet of a more Honoured, witty, and Learned Patron; for Mæcenas was a Man of an unbiass'd, impartial, and generous nature; and knew as well how to Judge and Applaud an Excellent Poem, as the Poet himself knew how to write what was fit to be Applauded.

This therefore causes our Modern Authors (instructed by his wise Example) to make an humble offering of their Works to the most deserving and knowing Men of the Age; cunningly implying, That as they have most wit and Judgment to find out their faults, they have also most modesty and good nature to excuse 'em.

Amongst this tribe, my Lord, I must humbly confess my self one, and acknowledge these two Reasons for my presumption: First, A secret pride to have my Play grac'd with the great Name of the Honoured Berkeley, lineally descended (for many Ages past) from the Royal Blood of the Illustrious Harding; and thence flowing through the veins of One and twenty Noble Families, to the Honours he now deservedly wears, and which his Sacred Majesty could not more justly bestow. And, secondly, to be impartially Judg'd, by a person who knows as well how to write, as to patronize.

Your Lordship did me once the favour to present me a little book of your own Writing, Entitled, *Historical Applications, &c.* where he that reads may find an exact serenity of Fancy, a vivacity of Wit, a refin'd Elegance in Language, and observe it to be adorn'd with certain Fems of Morality and Divinity, and other maxims of Rational Wisdom, and true Collections of History, that render it a piece fit to be admired by the most Wise and Learned, and lov'd by the most Religious and Loyal.

I make this little digression, my Lord, not out of any insolent belief, that I am fit to commend either the Book, or its Author, for that belongs to a far better Genius and Pen, but only out of an impatient desire to do my self Justice in applauding you, though 'tis impossible I should do you any.

*Sola virtus vera Nobilitas*, is a Maxim in which Seneca and your Lordship fully agree; for would any man be Pious and Morally good, let him make you his pattern; would he be blest with a sweet, benign, and modest disposition, and show a perfect Character of true Nobility, unsway'd by the powerful vices, Pride and Folly, let him make you his pattern; Or would he be loyal and honest, a faithful lover of his King, and an unmovable Pillar of his Country, still let him Copy you, and make your Actions his Examples, you that had rather be Just than Popular, and had rather follow the dictates of a good conscience, than gain the service and applause of a numerous and potent party.

This, my Lord, is so great and undoubted a Truth, that with the most nice apprehensions 'tis impossible it should leave the least impression of flattery; that being a thing as difficult for me to do, as for you to endure; for all that know ye will say thus much, and therefore 'tis probable all that love ye will speak much more.

As to this Comedy, it had the Honour to please one party; and I am only glad, that the St. Georges of Eighty-one got a Victory over the old hissing Dragons of Forty-two; 'tis a good Omen, and I hope portends future successes, though some fat Whiggs of Sir Barnaby's tribe made all the interest they could to cry it down.

My Lord, 'tis not only a nice, but a very difficult thing to write a good Comedy, and therefore a tolerable one should be the more excusable; for there is not only Wit, but Plot, Invention, and a quick and ingenious fancy requir'd: Fancy! the brightest Jewel of Poetry, of which the Famous English Spenser was the great and only Master,

as we may see in all his Descriptions, but more particularly in his Legend of Temperance, when he speaks of Mammon or Covetousness.

L.

At last he came into a gloomy Glade,  
Cover'd with Bows and Shrubs from Heavens light;  
Whereas he sitting, found in secret shade,  
And uncouth salvage and uncivil wight,  
Of greizly heiw, and fowl ill-favour'd sight,  
His Head and Beard with Soot were ill bedight.  
His Cole black hands did seem to have bin sear'd  
In Smiths fire, spitting forge, and nails like Claws appear'd.

I.

And round about him lay, on every side,  
Great heaps of Gold, that never could be spent,  
Of which some were rude Ore not purified  
Of Mulciber's devouring Element.  
Some others were new driven, and distant  
Into great Ingots, and to Wedges square;  
Some in round Plates withouten Monument.  
But most were stampt, and in their Mettal bare,  
The antick-shapes of Kings and Kezars strange and rare.

But this is a sort of Poetry of a different nature from Dramaticks; and therefore the fancy must of necessity vary, because in one it is digested into Characters, that are to speak before a carping Audience: and in the other, perhaps, only to be read or spoken of before one or two persons. But suppose the fancy to be good, that will not now serve turn; for in this Age 'tis not a Poets Merit, but his Party that must do his business; so that if his Play consists of a Witch, a Devil, or a Broomstick, so he have but a Priest at one end of the Play, and a Faction at 'tother end of the Pit, it shall be fam'd for an excellent piece. And the Mobile either encouraged by their Grandees, or treated by the Poet, shall throng to it with as much zeal, as they once did.

did to the Committee, when the scale was turned, and Loyalty began to come in fashion.

*This, my Lord, is the World, and the Worlds Nature; but you, I may boldly say, value Merit for its own sake, and not through interest, or to please a faction, you will not hiss or clap a Play in the wrong place, nor use an Arbitrary Power to carry a Cause by Popular Interest or Parties: I say you will not do this, and I wish all others were of your mind. But since they are not, your Lordships acceptance and patronizing of this Comedy, is the greatest Encouragement and Honour that can possibly happen to,*

**My LORD,**

Your Lordships obliged and devoted

humble Servant,

**THO. DUFFEY.**

**PRO-**

# PROLOGUE.

**H**OW long, alas! must our unhappy Stage  
 Groan for the follies of this Plotting Age?  
 When shall our doubts and anxious fears have end,  
 That we may once more know a foe from friend?  
 Once more of Truth and Honesty make tryal,  
 And not be Villains thought, for being Loyal:  
 When shall we see an Audience in the Pit,  
 Not sway'd by Factions, that will silent sit,  
 And friends to th' Poet, calmly judge his Wit?  
 Or when a Noble, Royal Party view,  
 That dare to mighty *Cæsar* give his due,  
 Spite of the Numerous, Buzzing, Crop-ear'd Crew?  
 When these things happen, we shall calm our fears;  
 But no such blessing in these times appears.  
 Distracted rages now, and th' frantick Town,  
 Plagu'd with Sham-plots, a very *Bedlam's* grown.  
 Like *Lunaticks* ye roar and range about;  
 Frame Plots, then crack your brains to find 'em out;  
 Like *Oliver's* Porter, but not so devout.  
 Our City-friends too, that are Coffee droop,  
 For fear the *French* should come and eat 'em up.  
*Brumicham*-Protestants, that rail and grieve ye,  
 With names of *Masquerader* and *Tamrvy*:  
 That, Plagu'd with natural and subtil fears,  
 Think all the Loyal Party Dogs and Bears,  
 Run mad with Pious Zeal for th' good o' th' Nation;  
 And how to fix a godly Reformation.  
 Since then from these he ne're can hope success,  
 To ybu th' Impartial Judges of Wits Case,  
 The Poet humbly offers his Address.  
 With you his fate's secure, and doubly blest;  
*Apollo's* Synod all; and for the rest,  
 That he shall know both Parties, now he Glories;  
 By Hisses th' *Whiggs*, and by their Claps the *Tories*.

DRAMATIS!



# Dramatis Personæ.

- Wilding.**— *A Loyal and Witty Gentleman, only addicted to rail against women.* } **Mr. Clark.**
- Townly.**— *A Modish inconstant young fellow, in Love with, and beloved by all women, and courts all alike.* } **Mr. Goodman.**
- Sir Wal. Wifacre.**— *An Opinionated Fool and Cuckold; A Lancashire-Knight, and in Love with Livia.* } **Mr. Jermaine.**
- Capt. Porpuss.**— *A blunt Tarpawlin, Captain, and one that uses his Sea-phrases and terms upon all occasions.* } **Mr. Griffin.**
- Sir Barn. Whigg.**— *A Phanatical Rascal, one of Oliver's Knights; one that always pretends to fear a change of Government, yet does his best to cause one.* } **Mr. Powell.**
- Benedick.**— *An Intriguer, and Friend to Wilding.* } **Mr. Perin.**
- Swift.**— *Servant to Wilding.* } **Mr. Colth.**

## WOMEN.

- Gratiana.**— *Witty and proud, and one that values her self by railing against men.* } **Mrs. Corbet.**
- Livia.**— *Wife to Porpuss, cunning and wanton, and in love with Townly.* } **Mrs. Cook.**
- Millicent.**— *Wife to Sir Walter, in Love also with Townly.* } **Mrs. Moyle.**
- Winifrid.**— *A young Welsh filly.* } **Mrs. Percival.**
- Waiters, Men and Women, Musicians, Officers and Attendants.*

SCENE LONDON.



# Sir Barnaby Whigg.

## ACT. I. SCENE I.

Wilding, Captain Porpuſs, Benedick, Townſy, Gratiana, Millicent, Livia, Winiford *juſt ending a Dance.*

*A Table, Bottles and Cards ready.*

Wilding. **S**O, Madam, now the courſe is finiſh'd, and your ſqueaking Inſtruments are ſilent; I hope a man may have the privilege to reſt and fan himſelf a little. [To Gratiana.]

Gratiana. — Yes, and I believe without danger of a ſecond engagement, unleſs you could promiſe more ſkill than you have ſhewn hitherto.

Bened. — Nay Tom, for ſhame deſert not ſo beautiful a Partner ſo ſoon.

Wild. — Not Deſert her! Gad he that catches me cutting a Capers agen, I'll give him leave to cut a leg off, that I may have a maim to remember my folly by. [The Captain is courting Winifrid all this while.]

Gra. — If you were to be maim'd for every folly you committed, I queſtion whether you could find your fellow Cripple in any Hoſpital in Town.

Bened. — So, there's one full hit, pray Heav'n, my friend have ſkill enough to defend himſelf.

Millic. — Perhaps, Madam, Mr. Wilding (like an excellent Singer) thinks 'tis becoming to undervalue his perfection: Pray, Sir, be real: Do you not love Dancing? [Townſy is Courting Livia this while.]

Wild. — Love it! oh extremely in a cold froſty morning, when a man has been at a true Debauch the night before: I hold it to be the only neceſſary Diverſion: Dancing, Madam! why 'tis the very glowing-brand of Luxury that kindles the temperate blood, heats and fires us till we are fit for the Modish buſineſs 'twas deſign'd for: Then think not but I doat on it moſt violently.

Bened. — Pox on him, now ſhall we have no more Dancing to night.

Millic. — We Women find it otherwiſe; therefore value little what you think of it.

*Gra.* — Think of it! why, Madam, to think, is contrary to those of his Complexion: I dare swear for the Gentleman, he seldom thinks of any thing, unless it be how to excuse his being second in a Duel. Come, prithee come away, he's pumping for a Repartee I warrant: but it shall not do Sir.

*Bened.* — Ha, ha, ha; Why how now friend?

*Wild.* — A commixture of pride, wantonness, and affectation handsomely bound up together: Prithee what is she?

*Bened.* — You shall know that anon: but see! yonders *Jack Townly* courting the Captain's Lady, and the Old Tar-pawling, I think, is making tenders to my little Welsh Mistress.

*Wild.* — The Autumn of Lust, and the blooming spring of Folly met in despite of nature.

*Bened.* — In despite of it indeed; but the comfort is, it cannot last long.

*Wild.* — No, 'tis only superficial, and extends to thought, soppery in expression; but no further: An old mans Love is like Snow in Summer, always unnatural; and no sooner is, but it is not; the frigid nature of the one, not agreeing with the kindly warmth of to'ther.

\**To Winifrid.* *Capt.* — Once! I tell thee I do love thee: \* by *Mars* I do; Prithee furl thy Sails and let me view thee a little; I have no fine phrases, but by *Boreas* I affect thee heartily, thy face, thy leg, thy shape, thy every thing: When wilt thou come to the *Tower*, and let me salute thee with the great Guns—hah? Bounce, bounce, bounce, thou shalt have Royal sport my Girl.

*Winif.* — I pray you Captains, of all Loves, no more of these creat 'ordes and noises; for look you, her has put a poor weak prains, and never apide creat Cuns, nor Pounce, pounce, pounce, her cannot apide pounces, look you.

*Capt.* — Cannot her apide pounces! why her shall have Musicks, and Junkits, and Dances then, if her cannot apide pounces: the Kettle-Drums and Trumpets shall Divert thee, my little *Juno*: the Eagle shall clap her Wings in sign of joy, and the Royal Lyon shall Roar thee welcome.

*Winif.* — Pless us awl, are you mads? if her hears Lyons, her is dead: the serq and pictures of Lyons makes her swoon'd, her eyes close, and her breath Ferk, ferk, ferk, in her pelly with fits of Mothers and Fathers: I believe in my Conscience, look you, the Captain's is distracious: A Lyons! pless us awl, her cannot apide the name on't.

*Capt.* — Gads plut, her cannot abide nothing, I think: Put does her preaths and her pelly's Ferk, ferk, ferk so much, does her say?

*Winif.* — Pish, this is Simplicity's, look you, and Impertinencies. I pray you forbear, Captains.

*Capt.* — Diddle, Diddle, Diddle, she has a Tongue as glib as an Eel; but no matter, she is *Amsterdam* built, and by *Mars* I love her for her *Dutch* Bottom.

*Bened.* — Look! he has frighted her away already: I'll warrant there has bin an excellent Harangue betwixt 'em.

*Wild.* — Blunt to some purpose, without doubt; but I believe very savoury, and full of good meaning.

*Enter Sir Walter with Bottles in his hands, and a Girdle hung round with Bottles.*

The Ladies go to a Table as designing to play at Cards, only *Livia* stays with *Townly*.

*Sir Walt.* — Hey, scowr, scowr my lads, and now for a Health-Royal; so here my Jolly hearts, *Wat* is return'd in triumph; view me, round boys, honest *Walt* has been scowring for you: *Walt* must have a Health-Royal ere we part, faith: Hey, bring a Dozen of Glasses there.

*Wild.* — Well, said *Sir Walter Wiscacre*, gad we thought you had left us.

*Sir Walt.* — Left thee! what before thou wert Drunk, *Bully-Rock*? Prithee don't think me such an unnatural Rogue to leave thee in a sneaking, sober condition! So, ho! where's this fellow? I was delay'd below by a Damn'd Rascal, the Clerk of the Parish that came to me, Sir, for Church-duties; and I think I have paid him, for I took him into the Cellar, Drunk six pint Bumpers, a Health-Royal to him, tript up his heels with bonny Puntack, and left the Rogue singing Psalms under a Pipe of Malaga.

*Wild.* — Why God-a-mercy Clerk, y' faith, and yet, *Sir Walter*, I see you are fresh still?

*Sir Walt.* — Fresh! not concern'd I: fresh as the morning, and as gay as the spring; ah! I can Drink like a fish man; and hold like a Kilderkin: but, come my lads, chuse, chuse—what Wine you like? this is Champaign, and this is Burgundy, this Obron, this Puntack; and here's a deer Bottle of Cohorse that exceeds all. [Turns round.]

*Bened.* — There's a fine name now to put off pall'd Claret, and cheat the subject with.

*Capt.* — Cohorse! a Pox o' these barbarous notions, why 'tis all but Claret still, and only the Vintners cheat to extort a shilling in a Pottle upon account of the Prohibition.

*Sir Walt.* — Prohibition! peace old Water-Rat; peace I say, thou canst not fathom my depth old *Plummet*; for you must know, Sir, that I deal with an honest, civil person, and great friend of the Governours of—no matter where: Well, Sir, he upon occasion has sore eyes: Wines come *Incognito*; my friend breaks the Law, cheats the King, steals Custom, sells me a lumping pen-niworth; and, prithee, what signifies the Prohibition? but come, every one his Bottle, and a Health-Royal I must make you all Drunk: you know my way.

*Bened.* — 'Tis not convenient to begin a match of Drinking in the Ladies company, *Sir Walter*?

*Sir Walt.* — Gad that's true, especially before my Mistress too; Come then, let's drink a civil glass, and retire to the next Room. Captain *Porpus*, here old Spunge, thou art a man of a sound brain; Come, here's your Ladies Health.

*Capt.* — Not mine, good *Sir Knight*; begin your own Ladies, we have not had that to night.

*Sir Walt.* — My Wives, Sir I'de have you know I'de have no such plebeian conjugal Customs in my house; besides 'twill pall the Wine, and give an unsavoury relish to my mouth all the night after.

*Mill.* — The pallet that's always out of taste, has no occasion to be made more insipid; and your customs, Sir (like your Counsel) are often too shallow to be very taking.

*Sir Walt.* — Here, here, take this Bumper; prithee let me make thee Drunk, that I may once see thee in a good humour; ah that she were gone once, that I might be Jocosé, and break a Jest or two with my dear Mistress there.

[*Pointing to Livia, whom Townly is talking with.*]

*Capt.* — Your Servant Sir, I'll have no whispering here by *Mars*; I shall lay you short by the Mizzen, if you think to grapple my Pinnacle: therefore, hands off, this, Sir, is my Wife, and this is my Sword; my name is Captain *Porpus*, I drink Claret, and therefore should Dispute as well as she, Sir: Come, state your Question.

*Townly.* — What question, Sir? — Plague of his Interruption. [Aside.]

*Capt.* — What question, Sir? why a Mathematical question, terms of Navigation, Card, Compass, Lading, any thing; Come, what a Devil have you seen of the World, Sir? I have stood and fac'd both frigid and torrid Zones, plough'd up the *Bosphorus* like a Molehill, kindled a Torch in the Sun, shot both the Gulfs of *Venice* and *Florida*, and seen the Navel of the World, you Scoundrel.

[*Sir Walter starts.*]

*Townly.* — Ha, ha, ha, a pleasant humour, y' faith.

*Sir Walt.* — Prithee Captain leave this blustering: Gad thou hast got so many Damn'd, cramp, hard Sea-words, they are enough to fright an honest Country Gentleman out of the Company.

*Millic.* — Madam we want ye to make one at Looe. [They sit down to play.]

*Sir Walt.* — A Tarpawlin, a rude Sea fellow, you must not mind him man; but, dear *Jack*, dost thou remember what I told thee to day concerning my Wife?

*Townly.* — Very well Sir; but faith I wish you would chuse some other man, for my modesty is always so offensive if I am to speak to a Woman.

*Sir Walt.* — Modesty! alas poor fellow: I'll tell thee what I'll do then, I'll make thee Drunk; prithee let me, I love it, I delight in't man: I make a dozen or two Drunk every day; get but Drunk, and then Boy, never doubt thy confidence; for a Collegian once intoxicated, is the most impudent creature that ever I met with.

*Townly.* — And are not you then guilty of a great Imprudence to trust me with your Wife?

*Sir Walt.* — Not at all man, not a Jot; for though to me she be pall'd, nay to my grief a Wife all over; yet, Pox on't, I know she's honest, for she's a great Churchwoman.

*Townly.* — A Churchwoman!

*Sir Walt.* — Ay.

*Townly.* — Never the honestest for that, to my knowledge.

*Sir Walt.* — Alas, poor soul, she prays continually; and as for her Virtue, she keeps that secure, close shut up in a Purse; the great Devil, her pride, pulling at one string, and Doctor Tickle-text the other.

*Townly.* — Well

*Townly.* — Well, Sir, you may command my service in any thing. Was ever such a Coxcomb? [*Aside.*]

*Sir Walt.* Peace, not a word more; we are observ'd. — Come, a Song there: What say'st thou, Captain? Do'st love a Song?

*Capt.* — Ay, a Battel, a Siege, a Storm, or so: Sing a Song that has some sense in't, and perhaps I may condescend to bear a Bob my self.

*Bened.* — Nay, then we shall have charming-stuff.

*Capt.* — We have not had a good bold well-season'd Song, 'as Gad save me, since Old *Broom* dy'd: 'Woon's we can get nothing now-a-days but *Phillis* and *Chloris*, and *Celia*, and the 'tother Whore in the *Sirand*, that was kept by 'tother Fop, so long, till at last she was forc'd to keep him, Gads bud: Why now a Storm, a Sea-fight, or such a Song wou'd delight a man.—Sbud there's both Body and Soul in't; and a Pox on *Phillis* and *Chloris*, they were both Strumpets, I warrant.

*Wild.* — Friend farewell, my patience is outworn, and I must begone, I am like a fish out of the water; methinks I gasp for breath, and grow sick by being so long out of my Element.

*Bened.* — Nay, faith, you must not stir without me.

*Capt.* — I shall never forget a frolick we had about Twelve years ago: I was then Captain of the *Success*, Heav'n bless her, she was a brave Ship: ah how she wou'd scud in the Winds Eye, and have made the Sea foam again after a Broad-side: by *Mars* I never think of her loss, but the pearly Dew falls from my Eyes.

*Townly.* — Ha, ha, this is ridiculous enough.

*Capt.* — To think what a Fighter she was; how she wou'd spoom along; top-sails a trip; and then the best Saylor in the World: 'tis a strange thing, Gentlemen, I have known that Ship sail tightly when she has had above Forty Culvering Bullets in her; all shot through betwixt Wind and Water.

*Wild.* — How, how Sir! betwixt Wind and Water?

*Capt.* — All betwixt Wind and Water, as Gad save me: Ah you are Pilchers to me in Sea-affairs: Well, she was riding at *Soll Bay*, 'twas just before the fight there (wherein I did such notable service); I had then a Lieutenant aboard, a little Dapper fellow, but as stout as *Hercules*; and when we met a-nights in the great Cabbin over a Jolly bowl of Punch, the Rogue wou'd sing us the finest Sea-Songs, and so Roar 'em out: I think I've a fellow can remember one of them. Sing firrha.

## S O N G.

### A S T O R M.

**B**low Boreas, blow, and let thy surly Winds  
 Make the Billows foam and roar:  
 Thou canst no Terror breed in Valiant minds,  
 But spite of thee we'll live and find the shore:

*They.*



Then cheer my heart, and be not aw'd;  
 But keep the Gun-Room clear,  
 Though Hell's broke loose, and the Devils roar abroad;  
 Whilst we have Sea-room here boys, never fear:  
 Hey, how she tosses up, how far!  
 The mounting Top-mast toucht a Star:  
 The Meteors blaz'd as through the Clouds we came,  
 And Salamander-like we live in Flame.  
 But now we sink, now, now we go  
 Down to the deepest shades below.  
 Alas! where are we now? who, who can tell,  
 Sure 'tis the lowest Room of Hell,  
 Or where the Sea-gods dwell?  
 With them we'll live, with them we'll live and reign;  
 With them we'll laugh and sing, and drink amain:  
 But see we mount, see, see we rise again.  
 Though flashes of lightning and tempests of rain  
 Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the Main;  
 Though the Captain do's swear, instead of a Prayer,  
 And the Sea is all fired by the Demons of the Air:  
 We'll drink and defie, the mad spirits that fly,  
 From the deep to the skie,  
 And sing whilst the Thunder do's bellow;  
 For Fate still will have a kind fate for the brave,  
 And nere make his grave of a salt water Wave;  
 To drown, drown, never to drown;  
 No, never to drown a good fellow.

There now! there's life, there's soul, there's sense: as I'm a living man, Gentlemen, the Rogue fox'd me three times, one after another, only by singling this Song.

*Gra.* —Now, Madam, your Ladyship owes me fifteen. [*The Ladies are all this while at the Table playing at Cards.*]

*Livia.* —But five indeed, Madam, your Ladyship was Loo'd last Deal upon my Blaze.

*Gra.* —I beg your pardon, Madam, 'twas my Cozen here.

*Winif.* —Upon my Souls, look you, her is not Loo'd; her had the good Kings guarded, and won two or three tricks indeed.

*Gra.* —Nay, prithee do not wrangle, I swear thou art the worst player at Cards.

*Winif.* —Heav'n deliver my Souls! is her distraction? was not her flushes of Clubs upon her last Deal? besides a Mournivals of Queens, and another of Knaves, for thirty Counters, besides the fifteen her Ladyship ow'd her? What does her Ladyship think her will lose thirty Counters, look you?

*Millic.* —By no means—but pray let us give over now, for my part I am tyr'd.

*Wild.* — And



*Wild.* — And I faith.

*Millic.* — Come Ladies, there's very good Wall fruit in the Garden, pray let's take a turn or two. [Exeunt all but Wilding, Sir Walter Benedick.]

*Sir Walt.* — Now follow her *Jack* now; dear *Jack*, this is a rare opportunity.

*Wild.* — This is an odd humour, faith, what intreat *Townly* to follow his Wife?

*Bened.* — There is something more in it than I understand, but the fool is leaky as a Sieve; I am sure he can keep no secrets, we shall know all.

*Sir Walt.* — Come, my hearts, 'tother dozen Bottles, and then we shall be fit for the business of the night; Pox on't, 'tis so long since I was Drunk, that I'm as dull as a Country Student, poring upon *Littleton*; Hey boy, bring the Wine there.

*Wild.* — Why you have spoil'd the Drinking-match, *Sir Walter*, by letting *Jack Townly* go.

*Bened.* — Ay, he's so true a Son of *Bacchus*, he'll do every one Reason, Gad I'll go fetch him back.

*Sir Walt.* — Gad but you shall not though, by your favour, for to my knowledge he's busie; he's engag'd with my Wife.

*Wild.* Engag'd with her! what a Devil does the fool mean?

*Bened.* — What! some Plot or other now I warrant: here's some Intrigue going forward, in which he is to be Agent: What an unnatural Rogue art thou to keep this from thy friends? Come, come, Discover.

*Sir Walt.* — Why then, the truth is, I have an excellent design on foot, but 'tis impossible you should fathom any thing of it, unless you were better acquainted with my humours.

*Wild.* — Humours! why, prethee, what are thy Humours?

*Sir Walt.* — Why, you must know, Sir, that I am famous over the Town for two topping humours: look you; for making people Drunk, that's one; and making Cuckolds, that's another.

*Wild.* — Two very pretty topping humours, faith.

*Sir Walt.* — You know 'tis fashionable for a man to be famous for something; besides, I have the best Diversion in the world by it, for they reach to all qualities and constitutions; for if I meet with a young modish Fop, there I please one of my humours, and make him Drunk: If with a sober, grave, judicious, married Coxcomb, then I please my 'tother humour.

*Bened.* — And lye with his Wife? —

*Sir Walt.* — I do so; I do y' faith, is't not fine? this last has been my humour many years.

*Wild.* — If I had a mortal aversion to Women, I could never think 'em so notorious to consent to this.

*Bened.* — Pox, a lye's as natural to him as Nonsense.

*Sir Walt.* — Come, y' are both my friends, and I think I may trust you with my secret: know then, that at this instant I have a violent passion for a Lady, another man's wife.

*Bened.* — So, I knew we should have it.

[Aside.  
*Sir Walt.*

Sir Walt. — But as the Devil wou'd have it, Jealousie, that Canker of Wedlock, that *Aquafortis* of Matrimony, that eats and eats so damnably, till it hath devour'd all the love betwixt man and wife; incites, Sir, my plaguy Spouse just in the nick to interpose betwixt me and my design.

Wild. — Gad that was very unlucky indeed, especially in such a juncture.

Sir Walt. — Juncture! — nay we had joyn'd, and joyn'd agen long before this, if it had not bin for that man: Now, Sir, I had no way to help my self, but by having Recourse to my cunning; and, by the way, let me tell you, Gentlemen, I do positively believe I am the most cunning person that ever breath'd: — I should ha' made a swinging Politician if I had but a Memory.

Wild. — Your large ear and wry nose always signifie thought, Sir Walter.

Sir Walt. — For thinks I to my self, Love will root out love, and Company often diverts Jealousie; and if I could oblige some young and honest friend, who by pretending love to her, would amuse her a little; I might prosperously carry on my Intrigue abroad, and she be diverted, and rest very well satisfied at home.

Wild. — So that you would expose your own Wife to the Addresses of some young Gallant, that you your self might have liberty to Debauch another mans?

Sir Walt. Ay I wou'd so; Is't not a good one? and may I never more warm me by those fair eyes I so adore, if this spring clearly from my own natural wit, my own invention by this light? Is't not an odd method?

Wild. — Ay, the Devil take me, is it as ever I heard of.

Sir Walt. — Well, after a great deal of consultation whom to trust in so weighty a business, I pitch'd upon *Townly*, but with a great deal of caution first; for, *Jack* (says I) have a great care *Jack* of handling Cases about my Wife that does not concern you: — Yes, says *Jack*, demurely: (you know his way). And agen, said I, *Jack* be sure that you are not too forward in pressing my Wives constitution beyond her fidelity; no, says *Jack*, agen with a great deal of integrity, before Gad.

Wild. — Is *Townly* a modest fellow, or does he only wheedle this fool?

Bened. — Modest! Pox on him, I knew a Surgeon that cur'd him of two Claps when he was at *Cambridge*. [*Gratiana and Livia return, and walk over the Stage.*]

Sir Walt. — Uds so, here are the Ladies! I must wait on 'em home; Dear souls, you must pardon me, and have a little patience, I must be civil to the Ladies: he little thinks the Captain's Lady here is the Person I adore so much. [*Aside.*]

Wild. — Sir, I have a Coach at the door, and shall need no Ceremony.

Sir Walt. — Nay you shall be both Drunk long enough before night, I warrant you: you know my humour, Ha, ha. [*Exit with Ladies.*]

Sir Walt. — Ay, enough of it to know thee for a damn'd Coxcomb.

Wild. — And Cuckhold; I hope by this time, or *Townly's* an Eunuch.

Bened. — The Rogue is as conceited as a Dancing-Master; and though he be the *Vulcan* of sense, yet thinks himself the *Apollo* of it.

Wild. — I have ever observ'd, 'tis as impossible for an affected person to be a man of wit, as for a mercenary Bawd to turn honest.

Bened. — Or

*Bened.* — Or a good Poet to be Religious.

*Wild.* — 'Tis so; but, prithee, what is that prink'd-up creature that went out with *Livia* just now?

*Bened.* — Oh I was about to tell thee before; She's my Lord *Lofry's* Daughter, a rich Heiress, *Tom*, and a vast fortune, and one that fantastically loves to rail at men, as much as thou dost at women: you two would make an excellent match; faith I'd have thee go and court her.

*Wild.* — I would, if I thought my words could have influence enough upon her to make her hate her self.

*Bened.* — What a strange humour thou art of; because one woman was false and jilted thee, is it infallible that the whole Sex are so?

*Wild.* — The whole Sex, by Heav'n (if you love 'em): besides, the passion it self is foolish and unmanly: Love is the sickness of the mind; a man has his Ague and Fever both at once, and often despairs of remedy for either.

*Bened.* — Thus like a sick man you think no Dyet good, because your Stomach's naught: Well, I thank my Stars, the constitution differs with me; I can distinguish the great blessing of mans life, and in a pious zeal thank Providence for its bounty. Beautiful Women were ever my Tutelar and Guardian Angels, that give me an assurance of being ever happy in this world, and immortal in t'other.

*Wild.* — A Coxcomb in t'other.

*Bened.* — Prithee no more of this; a young brisk fellow, newly an Heir too, and Possessor of a plentiful Estate, whose good old Father was so gratefully civil, to dye orderly, and in good time, that thou might'st inherit, to stand at defiance with the only blessing of life, Women: I am asham'd of thee.

*Wild.* — 'Twould be more advantage to thee to be asham'd of thy Mistress; for if thou art not jilted, I am mistaken in her; She'l shew thee a Welsh trick sometime or other.

*Bened.* — Oh, I'll venture that: hark 'e, wilt thou go with me, and speak to this Lady?

*Wild.* — She that went hence now.

*Bened.* — Ay, I'd have thee rally her a little.

*Wild.* — Well Sir, I'll give her a hearing, if she be not too impertinent.

*Bened.* — Come on then, I'll introduce thee.

*Enter Swift.*

*Wild.* — How now! what noise is that below, sirra?

*Swift.* — Sir *Barnaby Whigg*, Sir, has been railing against his Nephew, Sir *Walter*, for having ne'r a Musquet in's house.

*Bened.* — *Whigg* is his name? Oh, I believe I know him, a huge fat fellow, one of *Oliver's* Knights.

*Wild.* — The same, and the most busie, seditious Coxcomb alive, one that will be sure to Bet when he sees the best Trump, but ever shuffle and cheat, if fortune be against him.

*Bened.* — In all turns of State, change his Opinion as easily as his Coat, and is ever zealous in Voting for that party that is most Powerful.

*Wild.* — I ney or his tribe lay, theirs is the Church-Militant; but I say Mo-  
ney is both their God and King, and the greatest Zealot amongst them for the sake  
of the Popes Golden Slipper, shall not only kiss his Toe, but eat it, as the story  
goes of the hungry Spaniel.

*Bened.* — If I mistake not, this fellow values himself extremely by playing on  
the Musick.

*Wild.* Oh yes, but the Town of late has us'd him so unkindly, that he has  
left it off, and now sets up for a grand Politician.

*Enter Sir Barnaby Whigg.*

*Sir Barnab.* A careless Villain—he shall not own the blood of the *Whiggs* that  
neglects his Countrey thus:—ne'r a Musquet a Rogue—in this Popish Age too,  
and but one Sword, nay, and in a family of sixteen People uprising and down-  
lying—a Dog—a Rascal—but one Sword?

*Wild.* Now *Sir Barnaby*, pray why this anger?

*Sir Barn.* — There's reason for't, Sir, as times go: how does your good Fa-  
ther, or rather your good Mother, *Mr. Wilding*? her zeal did once frustifie  
and increale, to my knowledge: Come, she was a good Woman—a Son of a  
Whore, ne'r a Dagger neither, nor a Case-knife sharp at end—nor nothing—  
not so much as a Pen-knife?

*Bened.* — You seem disturb'd, Sir, pray what news abroad?

*Sir Barn.* — Only we are lost, undone; that's all Sir; and (like faggots) the  
bands of zeal being broken, must fall budling to destruction—a Pox upon him,  
ne'r a Musquet?

*Wild.* — How, to Destruction, Sir!

*Sir Barn.* — Come, come, things go ill, *Mr. Wilding*, things go ill; you have  
not Bulk enough to bear State-matters, or else I could tell you in your ear that—  
how do you rate this Beaver, good *Mr.*—a—?

*Wild.* — At a friends acceptance, Sir: have you a mind to't?

*Sir Barn.* — No, no, not I by no means, not I: the Hat's well made though:  
I knew your Father long ago, *Mr. Wilding*; he was always a free, generous soul  
indeed—but (betwixt you and I) would not be rul'd: he would still be on the  
wrong side: Come, come, he lov'd the King too well; had he not lov'd the  
King, he had been a brave fellow.

*Bened.* — Oherwise call'd a Rascal.

*Sir Barn.* — Come Sir, you are all mis'led, and will be all pickled ere long;  
I can tell you, that if our soul-saving Party do not settle the Nation, I say 'twill  
crack, 'twill unhinge—whip you're gon, old Antichrist will have your Lands and  
Bodies, and the Devil your Souls.

*Wild.* — Your soul, I hope, will be in no great danger however, Sir.

*Sir Barn.* — No, not mine, I never carry mine about me: mine's always in the  
heart of the City—in *Lambard street*.

*Bened.* — The Rogue has once in his life spoke truth.

*Wild.* — Incurrible Villain! but I have made an Observation, That Fana-  
ticism Intoxicates like Wine, and has much the same effects: For as a true  
Drunkard cannot keep a secret, but must make some discovery, so your true  
Presbyter never talks of State-affairs without a Tang of Treason.

*Sir Barn.*

Sir Barn. — I was yesterday with an Astrologer, a learned man, and one of our Tribe, and (Lord bless us) he tells me we shall have a Famine.

Bened. — A Famine! why, that's worse to you than Damnation.

Sir Barn. 'Tis so, as Gad save me, I swoon'd away twice at the very apprehension on't; and had not a Suppose brought me some comfort, on my Conscience, had dyed: A Famine! Mercy on us; Come War, Pestilence, Fire, Sword, any thing but that; the Gut-Plague is sure more terrible than all those of Egypt.

Bened. — This Epicure I see never considers life any further than the pleasure of eating and drinking.

Sir Barn. — Were matters carried well, we should have none of this; no Meteors, nor Comets, nor Pestilences, were not our sins Contagious; were faith and frugality among us, no hungry Tuscany-Stars would threaten neither: There's an Old saying, *The Devil promises like a Merchant-man, but performs like a Man of War*: 'Twas not so in the blessed year of 48, to my knowledge; I say no more—but—would I were at the Helm.

Wild. — So, Treason agen! you at the Helm! yes, of a Ship I would thou wert, to be thrown off, and plung'd to the bottom for a Mutinous Traytor.

Sir Barn. — Ha—what the loud Traytor to a man of my kidney? a Portly, Jolly, Fat man; a man of Faith and Belly: Away fool, 'tis your lean, your scraggy fellows that Plot mischief; if the Pope himself had been a fat fellow, he had been honest.

Bened. — Yes, as your Noble Ancestors the *Suffex Whiggs* were, or that Cursed Crew your Brethren of the *Amsterdam-house*, that cool their Coffee with the Breath of Rebellion, and hourly damn themselves by Whispering Treason.

Wild. — Come, Sirs, here's the Kings Health: Long live his Sacred Majesty: kneel down, and cast your Bonnet.

Sir Barn. — Not I Sir, you must spare me: I never kneel (not I) but to pray: besides, I can drink no Healths, I am in a Milk-Dyet for the Scurvy.

Wild. — For the Pox I believe; Come Sir, it must be done, therefore uncover, and kneel.

Sir Barn. — Sir, we never uncover, 'tis not our method; we never use any Ceremony: with my Hat on—Let him live—But—

Bened. — Let him live—But—these are rare Rascals.

Wild. — A word more of Refusal, and my Sword shall pare that body of thine into shape.

Sir Barn. — Well Sir, I submit: But, Sir, tell not me: I understand my self: Moles (though blind) can hear: let him live; but I wish for the Nations sake—I wish my Council.—

Wild. — What! more muttering of Treason? your Council?

Sir Barn. — Well, I acquiesce: \* I am silent: you will awake. *[Drinks.]* when the Sword's at your throats, you will I say, and repent this prophane drinking of Healths; and so farewell &c. *[Exit Sir Barnaby Whigg.]*



*Wild.* — Ha, ha; I knew there was no way to silence him but this: but see! here's *Jack Townly* coming with *Sir Walter's* Wife: Come, faith 'tis uncivil to hinder an Intrigue; prithee let's go. [Enter Townly and Millicent.]

*Bened.* — 'Tis almost time now to visit the Lady *Leffy*: I long to see you two rail a Courtship out.

*Wild.* — I'll be as good as my word, faith. [Exeunt.]

*Townly.* — The Captain's Lady say you, Madam?

*Millic.* She Sir, the beautiful *Livia*.

*Townly.* — What! in love with me?

*Millic.* — I know not what you call in love; but, to my knowledge, she was lavish in her Commendations of you just now in the Garden; sigh'd and look'd pale if your name were mention'd: and these are signs of something extraordinary.

*Townly.* — Kind *Chance*: She's the person I love more than Health: But I must sist her further, this may be a trick. [Aside.]

'Tis a blessing, Madam, I am not ambitious of, since the charms of your Wit, Beauty, and Conversation, are to me all that can be extraordinary.

*Millic.* — Mine! Sir, you have but an ill stomach if you can subsist with the thin dyet I can afford you: I am of a Volatile temper, and only admit of this Gallantry of yours for the sake of the mirth it brings with it: but the Captain's Lady has a passion for you, languishes, loves you; therefore if you would share in my applause, go instantly, and Address to her: A young Gallant shou'd (like a Tow'ring Falcon) fly at all games: I hate a dull, sneaking, constant, tiresome fellow, that pins himself to one Ladies train, and will spend 14 long hours in praising the Dew on her under-lip, or the colour of her shoe-strings, whilst she is all the while cursing her company, and heartily wishes him hang'd.

*Townly.* — What a Devil does she mean by this? S'death I was never so puzzl'd in my life. [Aside.]

*Millic.* — In a word Sir; if you would purchase my good opinion, go and court this Lady: Come, I command you to do it: perhaps I have some reason for't.

*Townly.* — Nay, you know, Madam, I want power to deny any Commands from you: Let me consider a little.

*Millic.* — So, it begins to take, and by this means I shall get my Husband a Rival, too handsome, not to be below'd as well as he. Whether *Livia* loves

*Townly*, or no, I know not: Commend him she did, and that may in time induce Love. — Well Sir, have you thought?

*Townly.* — I have, Madam, and for your sake will Address to her: I will storm her ears with a peal of Rhetorick: accost her with a number of whining, amorous phrases.

*Millic.* — And all lyes: Well Sir, she's now at the Lady *Leffy's*: go, and get your Coach ready, and about half an hour hence I'll meet you there.

[Exit Millicent.]

*Townly.*



*Townly.* — Of all Intrigues that ever I knew, this is the most quaint and pleasant: Here o' one side is a fantastick husband, that courts me to court his wife: On the other side, his wife commands me to address to another Lady, and (luckily) to the very person I love equal to my soul: Gad I think I'm a happy fellow: what she designs by engaging me thus, I know not, but am resolv'd to proceed for the sweet sake of variety. One, I am inform'd, loves me, and therefore must be courted; and the other is not inexorable, but may be courted.

*And where two Beauty's in compliance move,  
The Devil's in that man that pines for Love.*

[Exit.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Sir Walter, Gratiana and Livia.*

*Grat.* — **S**IR, I am now so happy to tell ye your trouble is at an end; I am at home. —

*Sir Walt.* — Wou'd my wits were at home too, that I might make a decent repartee — your Servant, Madam, 'tis no trouble.

*Livia.* — Your Ladyship has a very pretty apartment here, Madam.

*Grat.* — Small, but convenient, yet shall henceforth have a greater share in my Esteem, because you like it, Madam.

*Sir Walt.* — A Plaguy sharp-witted creature, this, Gad, I'm almost afraid to speak to her, she always runs one down so confoundedly.

*Livia.* — Your Ladyship does me too much honour.

*Sir Walt.* — For my part, I hate a Lodging next the street; the Coaches keeps such a perpetual Ratling, one had as good live in a Mill.

*Grat.* — I think these are private enough, Sir.

*Sir Walt.* — Private as Virgins thoughts, Madam. — Ah, this would be a rare place for my humour.

*Grat.* — What's that, Sir, to game in?

*Sir Walt.* — No, to be Drunk in, Madam; that's my humour; 'tis the Talent of all the *Wiseacres*; our family has been famous for't above this Five hundred years.

*Grat.* — I think you give a bottle, Sir, for the Crest of your Coat.

*Sir Walt.* — No, Madam, we give no Bottles, we drink off all the Bottles — we give the Cap of Fortune for our Crest.

*Grat.* — Otherwise called the Fools Cap. —

*Sir Walt.* — Sir *Jollynose Wiseacre*, my Great Grandfather, Madam, was the first man that bore it; and my Father Sir *Toby Wiseacre* being a Favourite at Court, got it adorned with three Golden Bells in humour and imitation of the City-Cap of Maintenance.

*Grat.* — How

*Grat.* —How I hate this Fop, that has nothing but dull Repartee, and vented in defiance of Wit and good Language. Madam, when the Gentleman's story is ended, I shall expect you in the Garden. [*Exit Grat.*]

*Sir Walt.* —What a whimsical creature is this—She's never two minutes in a humour.

*Livia.* —She's always uneasy, Sir, in mens company.

*Sir Walt.* —What, not love a man! Alas poor Animal, she's miserable enough, faith—Not love a man! why she loses the only blessing of her Creation.

*Livia.* —Rather say she reaps the only blessing, for Love in this age is as much sophisticated as Wine, and I think has as malignant effects.

*Sir Walt.* —Madam, the Wine I drink your Health in, is always unsophisticated, and so is the Love I bear you; I am compounded, Madam, of nothing but Love and Wine; my heart is a meer Bunch of Grapes, from whence you may press the first running, luscious Juice, together with the true spirit of affection unpall'd, or uncorrupted.

*Livia.* —There is nothing more corrupted than the love that Wine creates; therefore 'tis impossible you should love well, that are so grand a professor in drinking.

*Sir Walt.* —Oh the better for't, for you must know, Madam, I'm a sneaking dog when I'm sober—but I make Love like a *Turk* when I'm drunk.

*Livia.* —Like a *Turk* indeed, for nothing but a *Seraglio* of women can then serve your turn; and if I am not mistaken, your Lady has Jealousie enough to resent such actions.

*Sir Walt.* —Nay, Gad, a Country-Copes, that has married a Player, cannot be more jealous; that's the truth on't: but I care not this for't; I laugh at it, faith, and that so mads her: besides, I have now laid a snare for her: I set *Jack Townly* to court her, that she may have the less leisure to disturb my passion for you: Did you praise him to her this afternoon, as I desired you, Madam?

*Livia.* —Extremely Sir, and left 'um alone in her Closet; Ha, see yonder they come.

*Sir Walt.* —Ay, 'tis so, I see the Rogue *Townly* follows my instructions: Well, adieu dear Madam, she must not see us together; what, so familiar already—Gad my design goes on rarely. [*Exit.*]

*Livia.* —Though the Love I had for this fool is vanisht, yet I am resolv'd to comply with him a little, if it be only to revenge my self on his Wife for being jealous of me: here she comes.

*Enter Townly and Millicent.*

*Mil.* —Always thus retired, Madam, and melancholy; sure this solitude must needs be prejudicial to your health; nay, and not only to your self, but me, and all your friends, that lose the pleasure of your company: Come, I have engag'd Mr. *Townly* here to wait on ye, handsome Mr. *Townly*: one I assure you, that is the most agreeable, most obliging, and best company of any man in Town.

*Townly.* —Your Servant, Madam, I hope your Ladyship will prove this to her, for my part I am dumb.

*Livia.*

*Livia.* — I know the Gentleman too well, Madam, to be ignorant of his perfections; I know he discourses Elegantly, Dances finely; then his carriage is easie and courtly, besides a most excellent quality he has in Singing.

*Townly.* — So, she has found out a quality for me that I never knew in my self, faith, that's Singing, for the Devil of any thing I can sing but the Ballad of *John Dory*: and oh the wretched damn'd Sham-plot, &c.

*Mill.* — Pray observe, Madam, what a delicate shape he has; what an attractive languishing; and then the prettiest leg and foot—O *Venus*—but 'tis in vain for me to praise him.

[*Apart to her.*]

*Livia.* — 'Tis as Sir *Walter* infer'd, she does love him; \* and then, \* *Aside.* look Madam, he has the finest moulded face, the most taking features and graces; and each limb about his person so particularly graceful, that were I a woman of that brisk, free humour to entertain a Gallant—sweet Mr. *Townly* should be the man I would prefer before the world.

*Mill.* — Her freeness in his Commendations declares her love to him: and thus far my designs has happy success.

[*Aside.*]

*Townly.* — Though I was not so happy as to hear the last of your Discourse, Ladies; yet, faith, I guess 'twas all in praise of me; for 'tis a vanity natural to us men, that when any one is commended by the Company, whatever whisper arises afterwards, is imagined to be only a pursuance of the first applause, and therefore it is requisite I make some return—Hum—hum—

*Livia.* — Come Sir, begin, then we'll stand ye fairly.

*Townly.* — First for you then, Madam, your Eyes are the glittering Deities that command all hearts — And your Skin—smoother than *Venus* Doves, and white as Innocence— And you, Madam, have a

[*To Livia.*]

voice so ravishing sweet, that Angels peeping down to listen to it, would think the Musick of their spheres a discord, and then each feature has so much of Divinity in't: oh Heaven! And for your part, Madam, nature out did her self when she fram'd you, your Face is the Epitome of *Elizium*, a delicate fore-head, high, smooth, and white; a little

[*To Millie.*]

straight nose, a breath Roly and refreshing; a pretty, ruddy, soft, round, dewy, melting under lip; and such a hand, so white, so plump, so little, and the fingers so round, long, straight, and small—d's death, such a sight has power to make a man of fourscore chatter, and frisk about the room like an over-grown Monkey.

[*To Livia.*]

*Mill.* and *Livia.* — Ha, ha, ha.

*Townly.* — For your sake, Madam, [*to Mill.*] I could sacrifice my own life, and for you, Madam, [*to Livia*] another mans; should you be offended with me, [*to Mill.*] I should hang my self, or stab my self, or poyson, or drown my self; and should you, Madam, [*to Livia*] I should hang, stab, poyson, and drown my self altogether.

*Livia.* — And she must be a very unreasonable person that expects more: but, Sir, in return of your Gallantry.

*Townly.* No returns, I beseech you, Madam; nay, faith, take a little pity on me now, you see I am out of breath: besides, to deal faithfully with ye, the weights of my Wits are all run down, and the Clock, by consequence, must awhile stand still.

*Mill.* — So.

*Mill.* —So,—now they are engaged—I'll strait away, and cunningly, by some means or other, inform my husband of her treachery to him, and love to this new Rival. [Exit.]

*Livia.* —'Tis a sign you spoke on an unpleasing subject, you else doubtless could have held out longer.

*Townly.* —Rather, Madam—the greatness of the Theme disabled me only through a modest apprehension of my defect in expressions, when they should be so divinely employed.

*Livia.* —What, is my Lady gone?

*Townly.* —I hope so, faith; she's a very well-bred person, and I see understands manners: And now, Madam, behold at your feet a man that loves you more than his immortal part, his soul.

*Livia.* —Nay, if Railery come to love once, the jest is gone.

*Townly.* —My Lady *Millicent* did me the honour to inform me of some expressions of yours in favour of me; each syllable of which is engraven in my heart; nay, the very thought of it has transported me ever since.

*Livia.* —My Lady *Millicent* inform him.—What should this mean? Commend him, 'tis true, I did, but 'twas more on her account than my own; and why she should let him know it, is to me a wonder.

*Townly.* —Release your Martyr from the Rack, dear Madam, and pronounce him happy.

*Livia.* —Are you really then so miserable a creature as to love me?

*Townly.* —Love ye, Madam, I do most infinitely, but can never be miserable, because 'tis impossible you can ever be cruel.

*Livia.* —D'ee believe so?

*Townly.* —Ay, and have all the reason in the world for't, faith; you can no more be unnaturally rigorous to a young Lover, than you can passionately dote upon an old Husband.

*Livia.* —A very fine, sweet-natur'd opinion you have of me, Sir.

*Townly.* —Gad I think so.

*Livia.* —That to expel all unnatural cruelty, would oblige me to Cuckold my Husband by the way of Jest.

*Townly.* —No, faith, I meant by the way of Earnest; I hate Jestings mortally in such cases.

*Livia.* —And are not you a leud fellow for this—a damnable leud fellow? Come, speak.

*Townly.* —Why, faith, I am so so—indifferent; we are all mortal, Madam, and subject to frailties; but I have this comfort, Gad, I sin brave and nobly; and like a generous Robber, if I do venture damning, 'tis for a prize of value: Pox, I hate a sneaking Crime, it gets a man no credit.

*Livia.* —An agreeable fellow this is; and if *Millicent* had known the real worth of the Jewel she Ironically commended, I question whether I should have had the first refusal.

*Townly.* —I wait your doom, Madam, in a cold sweat, Mercy, I beseech ye.

*Livia.* —If I should take you into grace now, and prevent the approaching Ague

Ague and Fever, are you sure you could be most passionately constant.

*Townly.* — Stedfast as a Rock, Madam, fixt firm, not to be moved ; I !

*Livia.* — And will you say your Prayers every Morning and Evening, and thank Heaven for the timely blessing ?

*Townly.* — Ay, upon my Soul will I, with more zeal than ever I pray'd in my life.

*Livia.* — Well, let me see you in the Park this evening, and then a Mistress, or no Mistress, a match, or no match ; you shall know my mind, mum,—not a word—yours—bow and make your *Exit* : very well. [ *Exit* Livia.

*Townly.* — So, I find I must bend my neck to the yoke, if I intend to plough in the Soyl, for she means to use me as the *Turkish* Princesses do the *Bassas* ; first make them their slaves, that they may afterwards be fit to be their husbands : but come what will, Love is my Captain, and I must forward now.

*Enter* Benedick.

*Bened.* — What, *Jack*, art thou missing when there is such excellent sport yonder ?

*Townly.* — What sport, prithee ?

*Bened.* — Betwixt *Wilding* and my Lady *Gratiana* ; he has so teiz'd her yonder in the Garden, and there has been such bitter Jest between 'um, that now she has quitted the place : Ha! I believe here they come ; prithee observe 'um a little, I am now in pursuit of my little *Welsh* Mistress, or I would keep thee company. [ *Exit*.

*Townly.* — The Scene must be pleasant, for he rails as much against Women, as the greatest Men : but I have no time to throw away at present. [ *Exit*.

*Enter* Gratiana, follow'd by Wilding.

*Grat.* — Is there no place free from impertinence ? I'me resolv'd I'll change my Lodgings to morrow ; I'll rather exclude my self from all society, than be thus tormented.

*Wild.* — Modest sense is ever thus slighted—'tis the noisie follies that are receiv'd, and take with your true women : Nay, there's so much indignity in ye, that ye are often destitute of common civility ; and against all rules of breeding, shun a person that only makes ye an innocent visit.

*Grat.* — A Fop, like a mad dog, shou'd ever be shun'd, there's danger and infection in his company.

*Wild.* — A Fop ! I see your Ladyships fancy quickens extremely ; I beseech you, how long have you and your sex profess'd so much wit.

*Grat.* — Ever since you and yours lost it : what think you, Sir ? does it not become me rarely ?

*Wild.* Faith, no, 'tis not seen enough ; you should spot your face with it, instead of your patches, if you would have it discerned.

*Grat.* — I thank ye, and so I should have you and your humourous brother Coxcombs continually buzzing about me to pick 'um off again.

D

*Wild.* — M



*Wild.* —If we were upon any Treacherous design, I confess we might have occasion; for a womans wit, like a Lawyers, is never considerable, but when absolutely bent to do mischief.

*Grat.* —Then there's some applause due to us however: But I swear 'tis otherwise with you men, for you ever commit mischief without wit.

*Wild.* —To our selves indeed, when we can be so weak to admire a piece of white point, a varnished skin, and a corrupted heart; that indeed is mischief without wit.

*Grat.* —And yet I have seen a person that has set up for a wit, wear his stockings out with kneeling, and kiss the dirty Glove of a tawdry creature in the 18 penny Gallery, though the Owl had a charming wife of his own, whose fortune a week before purchas'd him a Barony.

*Wild.* —Nay, 'tis true, the Devil has power over us sometimes; but if ever I lose more blood in loving of a woman, than I can get again with drinking a bottle, I'll give him leave to execute the worst of his malice, and make me the first example.

*Grat.* —A dear blessing to women, for none sure can be sorry when a disease leaves her.

*Wild.* —Pretty indifference! d's death, do not I know you cannot subsist without us? you would all dye like cramb'd chickens of the Pip, were it not for us men.

*Grat.* You would not only dye, but be damned, were it not for us women.

[*Passionately.*]

*Wild.* —No, we should be as free as Air, our bosoms calm, serene, and undisturb'd, as Infants sleep, or peaceful Innocence.—Ah, 'tis the life of Angels, the only happy estate; a woman, Gad, is the unnecessary Parenthesis of Nature.

*Grat.* —And a man without that woman is a silly Cypher: Mark me, Sir, a Cypher! that perhaps, when a material figure is added, may make a considerable sum; but alone is still a cypher, and signifies just nothing. [*Exit Smiling.*]

*Wild.* —So, I have got much by railing—very much: If I could have been worded to death, I had, ere this, been past the help of Doctors.—How now! who have we here? what, my old Spunge of Rebellion! is he unshakled still?

*Enter Sir Barnaby.*

*Sir Barn.* —Oh, Sir, have I found you—you are one of those that believe nothing—you fear no harm, not you; you are of the Tory-party, let the people be hang'd, you care not—the Nation is secure, you say: but, come Sir, I shall undeceive ye—oh impious Age, I shall convince you, Sir, I shall.

*Wild.* —Thy Ravens voice perhaps may bode ill fortune, but as yet I know none: Come, what's the matter now?

*Sir Barn.* —Matter! rare matter—why, we are ridden, spur-gail'd, Jayl'd; the *Turk*, the *French*, the *Moors*, nay the very Devil will have us: Oh that ever the Noble family of the *Whiggs* should live to see this day—we are beset, the Enemy is coming—and yet we are asleep: we are surrounded, and shall be confounded: ah (*Gads woons*) (forgive me for swearing) it was not so in *Oliver's* time.

*Wild.*



*Wild.* —No, your villanous designs then kept you waking.

*Sir Barn.* —These wicked times keep us more waking; the wise fraternity, together with my self, as boldly, as pithy and politickly have now given our advice; but I fear in vain—no satisfaction, no return; no, though I have pen'd it my self, and were I rightly rewarded, deserve——

*Wild.* —To be hang'd—for an audacious and impudent Libeller—what you, forsooth, are griev'd, and yet not for your self, but for the Nation? why, how darest thou judg of Government? though of no more brain or birth than the Calf of the Shambles, yet you would be a States-man; and if each passage suit not with your judgment, the times go ill; all's lost, you'l mutiny; a sneaking, stigmatized, accursed crew, drawn lean by vice, or like thee swoln and bloated.

*Sir Barn.* —I bloated! what, because—I am plump, plump, a man of kidney, or so—I bloated.

*Wild.* —Villains, that can rail at Monarchs, and not blush, upbraid him by whose Clemency you live, that fearless lets you indulge your horrid Treasons, nourish the musty seeds of Old Rebellion, so sure a guard is Sacred Royal Vertue; ye soulless Insects, ye rotten sheep, that first your selves, and then infect a Nation.

*Sir Barn.* —Have you done yet? I think the Devil's in the fellow, he'll give no man leave to rail but himself: Sir, you talk largely, you do Sir; and let me tell you, though I am fat, I dare fight, Sir,—I can foyl as good a *George-a-Green* as your self: but more of that as occasion shall permit; and to let you see you do only chatter Magpye-like, without thinking, there's the Paper with all the Wise mens hands too't—Now read, and then judge; the wit and method I compos'd my self.

*Wild.* —Wit—why thou double Traytor, dar'st thou assassinate that too—thou contrary to Wit as Loyalty.

*Sir Barn.* —Have I no wit? what! and have fin'd for Alderman; that's fine indeed—Come, read Sir, we shall have the note changed presently.

*Wild.* —A plague on your Wit and Method; here's not a line but tends to Villany.

*Sir Barn.* —Sir, I shall not be ashamed to own it; there's no man there that will hide his face upon occasion.

*Wild.* —To stir up Rebellion, and wound the bosom of his Country.

*Enter the Captain.*

*Capt.* —The best sport, the best voyage sure that ever man had.

*Wild.* —Oh, here's the Captain now to be another spectator!

*Sir Barn.* —If he be a wise Captain, he will be of our side.

*Capt.* —Mr. *Wilding*—*Sir Barnaby*, prithee old Boy tack about to Windward, and harken to me: Sailing a hunting this morning, we had not Cruzed above a League or two, but we found a Hare a-ground.

*Sir Barn.* —Tell not me of Hares, Sir,—if you had hunted a Bishop out of the Nation, I should have said something t'ee.

*Wild.* —'Tis but manners though to hear him out, Sir, by your favour.

*Sir Barn.* — Hear him you may, but 'tis impossible to understand him; for he stuffs a story so full of Sea-terms, the Devil himself can't tell what he means.

*Capt.* — Sir, may I never enter the *Straits* mouth agen, if it was not the best sport that ever man saw: Oones he's for nothing, nor he, but railing at Government, and cheating the People.

*Wild.* — Right, nor will have any reward but hanging: Come, pray Sir, let me hear it, I love it; you have been a hunting, you say.

*Capt.* — I Sir! and as I was saying we had not Cruzed above a League or two, but we found a Hare a-ground.

*Wild.* — A Hare! so, Sir.

*Capt.* — Finding her thus, we presently turned her a-drift; and then she stood off, and the Dogs stood after, and we stood after the Dogs; West Sou- West, Tail and End.

*Sir Barn.* — West, Sou- West, the Sea-Calf thinks he's on Ship-board.

*Capt.* After this, Sir, the Hare luff't, and the Dogs weatherd her agen; and then a stiff gale blowing, she bore swiftly round us, and we went after large Top-sails a trip, though one of our hearts of Gold making a shot at her, rak'd her fore and aft; then, Sir, springing a Leak, she bore down to the hedge; and there powdering in, we all boarded her: but, as the Devil would have it, my horse running swiftly a-head, Gads bud, I tumbled over-board.

*Wild.* — It's, ha, ha.

*Sir Barn.* — Did not I tell thee what a Tarpawlin-story we should have?

*Wild.* — 'Tis better than your scowl here, however, and has more sense in't. *[Tears the paper.]*

*Capt.* — Sense! why, does this Tun of mouldy Garbadg pretend to sense? Harkee, Guts, darest thou drink a Gallon, the Kings Health; Load the great Cannon, or ungrapple a Fire-Ship? if not, thou'rt a Rascal, and draw.

*Sir Barn.* — Well, Sir, when I have drunk a Gallon, I can draw.

*Capt.* — Would I had thee a Ship-board to excuse the boys penance, and be lickt for a fresh wind: what a stirs here with Religion! Come, if you are that godly person you say, ye are to follow me, and make one at a Bowl of Punch; I find Lime-Juyce and Brandy.

*Sir Barn.* Not I Sir, I hate all Heathen Liquors.

*Capt.* — Then if thou lov'st Christian Claret, come sup with me; I make a Collation to night, and invite my friends; and in plain terms, if you'll come, you shall be welcome.

*Sir Barn.* — What, my Club I warrant: well, for their sakes I may chance to visit you; and so farewell.

*Wild.* — I'll go too; but upon another design: Sir, I'll wait on you. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Benedick and Winifrid.*

*Bened.* — One pretty smile will recover all yet: come, I know this is but feign'd, thou art too well bred to be ill-natur'd.

*Winif.* — Upon my Souls—her is well enough preads to take cares and cautions of being cozen'd: look you, Shentlemens have great deals of lyes and fraudulences

dulences now a-days, and cheats poor Maids out of honour and virginities: pless us all.

*Bened.* — By Heaven he has not a grain of human nature in him that could wrong thee; believe me, and be grateful: by this dear hand I love ye like my soul.

*Winif.* — Like your Souls—Ay, that is fine falciry and equivocations: Look ye now, for you, Shentlemens, always loves your peddies petter than your own souls, a thousand times.

*Bened.* — I would sacrifice my body for a kind look from thee.

*Winif.* — I heard a Lords once say so much to a pegger-wench, I vow.

*Bened.* — Imagine some Action that may be meritorious, and then lay your Commands upon me.

*Winif.* — Her cannot commands, look you: *Winny's* hearts and posoms is too soft and tender to use Exercises of Discipline: Will her make Positions and Oaths, that her can be most confoundedly constant.—

*Bened.* — Most zealously.

*Winif.* — And will her weep, and sigh, and languish, and kneels at her feets one, three, four and twenty hours to wheedle her self into her passionate affection and good crases.

*Bened.* — Ple sigh enough to raise a Storm at Sea, and weep another deluge.

*Winif.* I pray you of all Loves then, weep now, for there is nothing in the creat'orld that mollifies *Winny's* hearts and bowels,—so much as tears and weeping.—I pray you, Sir, begin: now weep, I beseech you weep.

*Bened.* — Now am I such a dry Dog, I cannot squeeze a drop out to save my life—Pox on't, I have forgot my Onion too.

*Winif.* In her own Country, that is, cood *Montgomery-shire*; the Lovers will whine, and houl, look you, and make ferry ugly faces for whole days together: Come, let me see, do's her weep?

*Bened.* — I must do something; I beseech ye, Madam, do not make me too much unman my self.

*Winif.* — Upon my soul here is waters upon her cheeks: that's true, this is no dissimulation; ferry good, ferry good: weep on, I pray you, till night, but be sure come not from your knees, it will be preparations for Love and Passion: look you, and then her will visit you again, and pless you with some brave consolation and advices: Ha, ha, ha.

*Bened.* Consolations and advices—'death, this Jilt plays upon me; I find it now, but, Gad, I'll after her, and tell her my mind more plainly—for I see there's nothing to be done by fair means with any of that Country.

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Townly and Livia.*

*Townly.* **T**His is the strangest adventure, Madam, that ever surpriz'd a Lover:  
Are you the charming person that Sir *Walter* adores?

*Livia.* —He tells me so, Sir, and for whose sake he has engag'd you to address to his wife.

*Townly.* Why, faith, I must needs say he has been very civil to me in that point: But I am so much a man of honour, I never desert the person that has first engag'd me: I never change parties—not I.

*Livia.* —Not if you have the odds of your side, I believe, Sir; and yet a Command from my Lady *Millicent* would make you venture hard.

*Townly.* —A smile from you would make me venture much more; I know not what influence she may have upon me: but heaven keep you in a loving humour, or I'm afraid I shall never dye decently in my bed: Ten to one I shall swing to th' other World with a filken string of your colours.

*Livia.* —And what a pitiful object will that be to the female spectator—to see so proper a man, and so constant a Lover, hang dangling like a Puppy out at a Garret-window.

*Townly.* —Gad it will be a most dismal, melancholy sight, that's the truth on't: then for you to be attainted of Homicide—how can you hope to be sav'd?

*Livia.* —By pleading not guilty, Sir; for if the Devil and you fall out about the purchase—and you happen to be suspended by the by—how do's this concern me? am I culpable?—But, come—to prevent effusion of Christian Lovers blood—for once I will be merciful.

*Townly.* —Ah blessing, and ten thousand Joys, and transports on thy heart for't—Gad it came very seasonably, for I was just a falling into a swoond for fear of a repulse, I was seeking out for the Bottle of *Mirabilis*: but now all my disorders vanish, and this heavenly Cordial retrieves my dissipated spirits, and makes me all over Extasie.

[*Kisses her hand.*]

*Enter Sir Walter.*

*Sir Walt.* —My Wifes words have vex't me, 'tis true, but she speaks nothing but the effects of Jealousie.

*Townly.* —Confusion!—what shall I do now? a bottle of *Mirabilis* would be very necessary in this juncture, whatever 'twas in t'other.

*Sir Walt.* —What's this I see? As I'm a true Son of *Bacchus*, here they are,  
he

he kneeling and kissing her hand : here's fine work ; I'm bob'd—down-right bob'd, fool'd, made a Chouse—a double Cuckold, as Gad save me : Nay, nay, do not leave him, Madam,—the Son of a Whore, your Gallant, there—has more to say to ye yet : More, more, much more. *[She flings away, and Exit.]*

*Townly.* —I have a thought sprung up however, and I hope 'twill prosper.

*Sir Walt.* —Your servant, Sir,—Pray, with submission to ye, give me leave to ask ye a question : Are not you a Rascal, Sir ? Ha——

*Townly.* —A Rascal, Sir !

*Sir Walt.* —Ay, a Rascal, a Traytor, a Villain, any thing ; nay, I shall come home to ye, if you provoke me.

*Townly.* —Pray hold, Sir.

*Sir Walt.* —Sir, I shall not hold, Sir,—I am mad, and I will fight ; you have wrong'd me —and abus'd your friend ; and, now I think on't, I will beat you damnably : —And, now I think on't again, I will consider first—Ah, most abominable Varlet : what, two at once : Come, come, prepare.

*Townly.* —Prepare ! for what, Sir ?

*Sir Walt.* —To be kill'd, Sir, only to be dissected, anatomized like a *Chichester* Cock-Lobster, or so ; that's all——

*Townly.* —All in the Devils name : —But pray, Sir, do but hear me speak.

*Sir Walt.* —No, Sir, not till I've cut your throat, Sir ; 'tis not my way ; when I have done that, you may have the privilege to speak what you please.

*Townly.* —Nay if you are so resolute, I must not dye defenceless : Come,—come on, Sir.

*Sir Walt.* Come on, Sir, come you on, Sir ;—what a Pox, sure I understand what I have to do : —But hark you, *Jack*, to argue coolly now upon this matter : Come, put up ; Was I so obliging to cause an intimacy betwixt thee and the wife of my own bosom ? and would'st thou affront me and her so much, nay be so ungrateful—so false, so treacherous, to desert her, and seek to corrupt my Mistress ?

*Townly.* —Your Mistress !

*Sir Walt.* —Ay, Sir, my Mistress, the Idol of my soul, the Cordial of my heart, the Light of my eyes : My Mistress ! what a Pox, do you question that ? Come, draw, Sir, draw.

*Townly.* —Well, Sir, you see I dare draw ; but assure your self, I was ignorant of your being concerned here ; and my business with her, was only an humble suit, that she would do me what good offices she could in commending me to your Wife.

*Sir Walt.* —And was that all, faith ? What a Dog am I now to abuse so honest a fellow. Come, put up agen : But was that all, faith, swear, bounce out a swinger by way of confirmation.

*Townly.* —By the God of Love, and the more Celestial Beauty of that Divine Creature, your Wife—I swear.—Pray Heaven this lye don't choak me. *[Aside.]*

*Sir Walt.* Why, look now—what a Dog am I—Deed *Jack* I beg thy pardon : I am somewhat hasty.—But I only make an offer, or so ;—I would not have fought with thee for all my jesting.

*Townly.* —I do believe thee, I faith.

*[Aside.  
Enter*



Enter Millicent.

*Mill.* — Either my ears deceiv'd me, or I heard my husbands voice — Ha, 'tis so, yonder he is, and *Townly* familiarly talking with him ; nay, then I see my Plot has taken little effect — I'll stand aside and listen.

*Sir Walt.* — To morrow, *Jack*, I'm oblig'd to wait on my Mistress, therefore be very careful in addressing to my Wife.

*Townly.* — Well, Sir, since you will have it so. —

*Mill.* — His Mistress — rare Gentlemen.

*Sir Walt.* — I'll vow the Domestick Animal at home is grown so jealous of late, there's no enduring her.

*Townly.* 'Tis pity, Sir, she has that fault ; she's very handsome.

*Sir Walt.* — I, were she but another mans wife, she were a blessing ; but the Devil's in't, she's mine : *Jack*, she's mine ; I'm fed up with an everlasting dish of Mutton ; yesterday she was Mutton, to day she's Mutton, and to morrow she will be Mutton ; and for a man to feed eternally upon Mutton, — a Pox on't, 'tis unreasonable.

*Townly.* — Sir, though she be Mutton to you, she's Venison to another man ; every look from her is a delicious banquet ; and a man must, as you say, be her husband to be cloyed with it.

*Sir Walt.* — Come, we shall find her at the Masquerades to night ; then, dear Rogue, do but wheedle her finely, and thou wilt oblige me for ever.

*Townly.* — If I fail, let me be an Eunuch ; so I think I'm a lucky fellow.

Enter Millicent.

*Mill.* — Is it for this then I have been so constant ? for this have slighted still the young and brave, and like *Penelope*, kept my tempted virtue, maugre the vice of this deluding age : nay, does my beauty deserve only this ? My *May* of blood would give my cheeks a blush, greater than would appear on proof of Infamy, did he but know I had an Imperfection. And am I slighted thus ? thus left — sold to another, and by my husband too — whom I have lov'd — far, far beyond his merit. Teach me then, ye Powers, Revenge, and Jealousie instruct an injur'd woman : 'Tis done — *Townly* shall be the man ; I'll instantly write to him, and let loose all my Charms to retrieve him from *Livia*. Then shall my husband find too late, that Marriage should have a relish of Love, as well as Duty.

*For may I prove the fool that he design'd,  
If I make not him the greatest of mankind.*

[Exit.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT.

## A C T. III. S C E N E I.

*The Captains House.**Enter Townly with a Letter.*

*Townly.* — **H**appy the man, most happy must he prove,  
 That lives like me, crown'd with success in love.  
 A thousand blessings wait on his Desires;  
 Bliss glads his heart, and kind Occasion courts him.  
 Beauty, the Goddess of the Universe,  
 Unarms her killing eyes, and meets him equal.  
 Whilst fierce Delights, and Joys profusely given,  
 Shoot through, and almost cloy his Soul with Heav'n.

Was ever Luxury in love like mine? What! two at once? and two such Beauties as *Livia* and *Millicent*? By heav'n 'tis too much, and I grow jealous of my happiness; and yet my Assignment with the first, and this Letter from the last, confirms the certainty. Well, if this be not a false scrawl—my honest friend *Sir Walter* must excuse me in a certain punctilio about his Wife; I shall never be able to keep Covenants; Gad I must beg his pardon.

*Enter Millicent.*

*Mill.* — Whose pardon is this you are so zealous to beg, Sir? and what Covenants are these that are so difficult for you to keep?

*Townly.* — Those betwixt my heart and you, Madam; and therefore of whom should I beg pardon but you? for though you have charm'd me with the prospect of transporting hopes, yet so frail is humane nature; and I, amongst the rest, so faulty, that my soul hovers in the Purgatory of doubt, not knowing what I deserve, nor whither I am to go.

*Mill.* — A great proof of your desert, Sir, may be made by your service; and we, women, like Merchants, guess a servant's Merit by his fidelity—let me see! Have you been careful in the first point, and kept my Letter safe?

*Townly.* Safe! Judg you else: 'twas here quilted in my Coat, next my heart, and done up with as much care as a Miser does his broad Gold, when he's afraid of robbing.

*Mill.* — And design'd to be sent as a Trophy to your new Mistress *Livia*.

*Townly.* — My new Mistress!  
 Jealousie—good—

*[Aside.*

E

*Mill.* — I

*Mill.* — I vow I heard you were under the Surgeons hands for a strange bruise in your knee, occasion'd by your incessant kneeling to her.

*Townly.* — Gad I was afraid she had heard I had been there for something else. [*Aside.*]

I kneel to her ! why, Madam, I ne're had such a thought ; I ne're made such a motion, ne're bow'd, hardly ever pull'd off my hat ; and if I spoke any flattery, unballanc'd words to her, 'twas only in obedience to your Commands : my heart ador'd you, though my tongue flatter'd her.

So, now I'm going to be an excellent Rascal. [*Aside.*]

*Mill.* — Nay, Sir, I did expect you could sing to this tune : you can out-flatter a Town-Poet, and out-lye a Mercer of *Pater-noster-Row*. Thus clouding Deceit under a pretty, modish, methodical way of Gallantry, you prove equally treacherous both to her and me : What say you ? would you not prove such a villanous sort of a creature ?

*Townly.* — 's death I'd be a Dog first ; Treacherous ! no, Madam, 'tis to your Altar I sacrifice : to you, and only you my heart pays tribute : *Livia's* a thing remote, when you are by ; unknown, a very stranger ; I hardly ever spoke to her, but when I was half asleep.

*Mill.* — Now have I a great mind to be credulous, but that lying face of yours does so startle my Resolutions : but come, for once I'll put you to the Test, and give you leave to visit me ; then, if you prove a Jewel —

*Townly.* — You will wear me : Nay, nay, that must of necessity follow.

*Enter Livia.*

*Livia.* — My Lady *Millicent* ! Don't you intend to Dance ? they are all ready to begin.

*Mill.* — Ha ! *Livia* ! — I was just coming to wait on you, Madam. He's confus'd : now I shall note their carriage. [*Aside.*]

*Townly.* — If she have over-heard any thing now, I'm in a fine condition. [*Aside.*]

*Livia.* — Mr. *Benedick* has bin giving me a Song yonder : Mr. *Townly*, pray come hither and sing it, you have a good voice.

Ingrateful man ! Is this your constancy ? [*Aside.*]

*Townly.* — So, there's one shot already ; I shall be pepper'd. [*Aside.*]

*Mill.* — We shall sup late to night, 'tis past sev'n o' Clock.

Mr. *Townly*, you have skill in Watches, pray give me your Judgment in this.

You can't hold out I see. [*Aside.*]

*Townly.* — The Devil take me if I know how I should at this rate. [*Aside.*]

*Livia Sings.*

[*He bows to Mill.*]

*Livia.* — Nay Mr. *Townly*, pray come hither : a good Singer is so hard always to be intreated.

You are very ready to obey her. [*Aside.*]

*Townly.*

*Townly.* — Not I faith, Madam ; I design'd only to be civil. [Goes to her.

*Mill.* — Mr. *Townly*, pray help me to set the Hand right here, I shall spoil my Clock for want of skill. [Struggles to go, and Livia holds him.

*Livia.* Come, Sir, Begin, begin.

*He Sings.*

*Mill.* — What ! are you deaf o'th' suddain ?

*Townly.* — 'sdeath what shall I do ?

[Aside.

*Mill.* — Pray make no delays, Sir, but come hither.

*Livia.* — Pray make no delays Sir, but sing.

*Mill.* — Madam, I beg your pardon, he has some skill at this.

[Pulls him.

*Livia.* — Madam, I beg your pardon, he has more skill at this.

[Pulls him.

*Townly.* — 'sdeath I shall be quarter'd.

[Aside.

Why then, by heav'n, I have skill at neither. I am plagu'd with an eternal Cold, and the most ignorant Artificer in the world beside : Hark, the Musick begins, we shall be too late. —

Anon we shall have more leisure.

[To Livia.

At night we shall meet alone.

[To Mill.

Come, come, to the Musick, to the Musick.

[Exit, leading 'em.

## S C E N E II.

*A Table and Musicians.*

*Discovers the Captain, Wilding, Sir Walter, Benedick, Townly, Gratiana, Millicent, Livia, Winifrid, seated.*

*Sir Walt.* — Come, let's have t'other Dance, the Ladies are not warm yet. [Dance.

*Capt.* — Come, now let's talk of Shipping : *Dean* has built a brave Frigate, they say.

*Sir Walt.* — Prithee *Tarr* shew none of thy Sea-breeding now : Dancing is a gentile quality, which you Sea-sharks understand not : Come, shall thou and I go and drink a quart of Brandy to warm our stomachs.

*Capt.* — More drink still ! why thou art grown a meer sponge, do'st nothing but suck in, and squeeze out all day long : but I must confess 'tis natural to you all ; and a man may as well know a foolish Country-Knight by his down-right drinking, as a Yeoman of the Guard by his infallible coining.

*Sir Walt.* — What ! another Sea-joke ! Ha, ha, well said *Tarr* ! —

*Wild.* — Do you not wonder, Madam, that having been so baffled at our last meeting by your Wit and Disdain, that I have the confidence to appear agen ?

*Grat.* — Not at all for your true Spaniel ; the worse he is us'd, grows still the civilier.

*Bened.* — Come, Gentlemen, now another Lesson, the Ladies are impatient.  
[*The Gentlemen sit down as to play.*]

*Sir Walt.* — Oh! 'uds-so, here comes my Uncle, now we shall have a full Confort.

*Enter Sir Barnaby.*

*Capt.* — *Sir Barnaby*, welcome, come pray let's have some of your skill.

*Townly.* — Prithee observe with what state he takes place. [*Sir Barnaby seats himself at the upper end.*]

*Wild.* — *Cesar* in triumph look'd not half so big.

*Bened.* — No, nor thought himself so worthy: hark you *Sir Walter*, a word with you; prithee deal ingenuously, Does your Uncle play well on this Instrument?

*Sir Walt.* — Oh to a miracle, Sir, and has the best grace you ever saw.

*Bened.* — Say you so?

*Sir Walt.* — His touches are always so soft and gentle: besides, I have observ'd (Gentlemen) that your thick squab-hand and short thumb-like fingers always become a Lute extremely.

*Wild.* — Ha, ha, ha, that indeed I ne'r took notice of. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

*Sir Barn.* — Strike *F-fa-ut* sharp, and sing the Song.

## S O N G.

**F**arewell my Lov'd Science, my former delight,  
Moliere is quite risted, then how should I write?  
My fancy's grown sleepy, my quibbling is done;  
And design or invention, alas! I have none.  
But still let the Town never doubt my condition;  
Though I fall a damn'd Poet, Ple mount a Musician.

I got Eaine by sitching from Poems and Plays,  
But my Fiddling and Drinking has lost me the Bays;  
Like a Fury I rail'd, like a Satyr I writ,  
Therfites my Humour, and Fleckno my Wit.  
But to make some amends for my Snarling and Lashing,  
I divert all the Town with my Thrumming and Thrasling.

*Wild.* — I



*Wild.* — I have a trick to get him away instantly.  
What is't you say, friend? an Army raising, and 20000 in Arms already?

*Bened.* — That there are, I saw 'em muster'd.

*Sir Barn.* — For the destruction of the Saints! this is but cold news.

*Townly.* — They will not leave a Rebel in the Land.

*Sir Walt.* — Nay you must march, Uncle; you must swing; I do not doubt but I shall see you exalted for the honour of our family.

*Sir Barn.* — Unnatural Rogue! do'st hope to see me hang'd? Hang'd! — Gad that word has a plaguy sound: but come, let the worst happen, I can but turn; the Saints may revoke, if the game be near losing: Come, come, I can turn, I can turn. [Exit.]

*Wild.* — I knew that news was worse than an Ague to him.

*Capt.* — A Pox on't, the Women are all gone too, and I have had ne'r a buss of my *Welsh* Mistress; I must go seek her. [Exit Captain.]

*Wild.* — D'ee hear that, friend?

*Bened.* — Let him go; the old Hound hunts upon a false scent, for I have her in chace my self.

*Sir Walter goes to the Door, and returns.*

*Sir Walt.* — *Jack, Jack*, my Wife's gone away alone man: Go, go for shame: — nay, prithee dear *Jack*, go now.

*Townly.* — Well Sir, I follow her, since you'll have it so. But the Stars point otherwise to night; I am elsewhere engag'd, I thank my fortune. [Aside.] [Exit.]

*Sir Walt.* — Now if that Fairy have but *Welsh* Devils enough to charm the Captain for one hour, I shall love *Mountgomery* the better as long as I live for't. [Exit.]

*Bened.* — Prithee no more excuses, but consent to go with me to morrow.

*Wild.* — Hast thou the conscience to desire me to be stung agen by that Wasp, that Viper of Women, *Gratiana*?

*Bened.* — I have, nay and thou shalt not deny me neither.

*Wild.* — Sir, I must; I had rather Duel three hours, than Ward her words three minutes: her Tongue is like the *Pendulum* of a Clock, and she wants nothing but talking in her sleep to make it a perpetual motion.

*Bened.* — And yet for all that thou lov'st her, if the truth were sifted thoroughly.

*Wild.* — Love her! yes, as I do bad Wine, or an unsound Wench.

*Bened.* — Come, I know thy humour, and can make this Position; Thou never rail'd'st heartily at any Woman, thou did'st not then, or afterwards fall in love with.

*Wild.* — Perhaps her Charms do not equal others.

*Bened.* — Nay she's beautiful every way: however, do an honourable courtship, and go to assist thy friend, for my little *Winifrid* is to be with her.

*Wild.* — Pox on thee, thou art ever ingaging me in such affairs: I confess I have an inclination to see this Woman agen; and if I prove his words true, and fall in love with her, how this unmerciful Rogue will laugh at me: I am untainted

tainted yet, and am sure can hold out one skirmish more, whatever happens after.

*Bened.* — Well, hast thou thought, shall I trust thee ?

*Wild.* — You will have your humour, Sir, and I'm oblig'd to serve you.

*Bened.* — Here let's part then, and to morrow I'll call upon you at your Lodging. [Exit Wild.]

I think I heard her voice just now hereabouts, perhaps this old Kite has snatch'd her up before me: Gad I must go and see. [Exit Bened.]

*Re-Enter Sir Barnaby.*

*Sir Barn.* — 'Tis as he said; there is an Army raising, a great one too, and the fraternity will be swing'd, I profess: Well, stay then Brother *Barnaby*, what will you do, Brother, to save your neck? why look you, Brother, you must Conform; and as you have sworn up your own party, now you must swear 'em down: 'Tis true, Brother, you are a Rascal; but so are many more that are prefer'd, therefore you must now speak for the King: Disguise your self; get a Commission, and fight for the King: Impeach your *quondam* Brethren that were against the King, and so, dear friend and brother, you may save your self—by the King.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Benedick, Groping about.*

*Bened.* — I Have mistook, and follow'd a wrong Woman, and now cannot find the way out agen: Hark! some-body is coming; perhaps 'tis the Captain, what shall I do? Oh, here's a door open, I'll go in and hide my self till they are past by. [Exit into the Closet.]

*Enter Townly, and Livia after him.*

*Livia.* — Where are you, Sir?

*Townly.* — Here divine Creature, waiting for the blessing with more Zeal, than Pilgrims a reward for their Devotion: Where (where) 's your Husband Sweet? your husband! your property I mean, that rusty Animal; abroad, or asleep, or drunk, or where?

*Livia.* — Speak lower, Sir; he's not so far off, but Jealousie can quickly spur him hither: Go, get you in here, I must be your Jaylor, and lock you up for a-while, till I see how my Husband is employ'd: Come, haste, haste, the door is open already.

*Townly.* — If every man for so delicious a sin had no severer a penance, the World would grow monstrous wicked in a short time. [Locks him into the Closet.]

*Livia.*

*Livia.* — If my Cause were to be tryed in a Court of Equity, I question whether the most Reverend Head could blame my proceedings: in my opinion the scales are equal; for if my Husband slights me, to seek a Mistress that slights him; 'tis but reason that I should slight him, to love a man that adores me: but then Honour and Religion start up, two Bug-bears, and fright me terribly: but then agen, I love *Townly* more terribly: Honour is a fine thing, but *Townly* is a finer thing: What shall I do? Well, I'll first go and see whether my husband be safe, and then reconcile my self to Honour and Religion as well as I can.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Sir Walter with a Light.*

*Sir Walt.* — *Townly* is, I hope, by this time at home solacing my Spouse: so she is safe, Gad that's a very honest fellow, as good a soul as breathes; and the very life of my design, because 'tis a harmless Rat, a bashful, unflashed young fool: why, I might ha' bin a Cuckold, had another man undertook the business but he; were she as loose as *Lais*, he'd not understand her: This 'tis to have Judgment to distinguish men now: — Well, he I say is with my Spouse, the Captain is gone out after his *Welsh* Mistress, and I am coming in here to his Wife; she must be there in her Closet, for I'm sure I saw her come up Stairs. [*Knocks softly at the door.*]

*Townly.* — What! come already, my life, my soul?

*Sir Walt.* — What's here a man? ha! *Townly*! the Devil! 'tis impossible. Oh Rascal! Oh Traytor! what and conceal'd in the Closet too! Impudently lying here perdue, for my Mistress, like a Villain, when he should be at home courting my Wife like an honest fellow: Oh the Devil! this is a treachery insupportable; and d'ee hear, Sir, I shall storm your Castle; I shall demolish; I shall slit that dog's nose of yours, incorrigible Rascal!

[*Townly runs back and shuts the door.*]

*Capt.* within. — So, ho, — where sits the Wind? what noise? what storm is this?

*Sir Walt.* — Ha! the Captain return'd? already too? had that *Welsh* Gipsy no more sense than to leave her Cully so soon? A Pox o' their Mungril *Welsh* courtship, they make love like Sparrows; the Intrigue is no sooner begun, but ended.

*Enter Livia.*

*Livia.* — My Husband return'd — Oh, I'm undone.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter the Captain, and Livia peeping.*

*Capt.* — How now! who's there? — ha! — a Sword drawn? where are my Servants? Lock up all the doors there, here's a Jesuit, a Thief, a Fox in my Bed-Chamber.

*Sir Walt.* — Hold, hold! 'tis I, Captain, 'tis I, *Watt*, *Watt*, honest *Watt*, do'st not know me? why 'tis I man, thy friend *Watt*, I tell thee.

*Capt.* — Friend *Watt*, with a Pox! what does my friend *Watt* do in my Chamber o' this time of night, hoh?

*Sir Walt.* — I come to bring thee news, old *Calverin*; thy well-rigg'd Frigot

is grapp'l'd, her Sails unfurl'd, her Gun room blown up, and all her treasure in the Hold rifled and plunder'd.

*Capt.* — My Frigat! why then I say, my friend *Walt*, with a Pox to him, is a damn'd lying Rascal; for my Lieutenant came from *Sheerness* this morning, and told me she was as tite as ever, and ready to set Sail.

*Sir Walt.* — *Sheerness*! ha, ha; well said apprehension: here's the wit of a Tarpawlin now; one ruffling Storm frights away all their brains, to make room for the fumes that make them Valiant; but know, friend, that I mean a Frigat of another nature; thy Wife, thy Wife man!

*Capt.* — My Wife! why what of her?

*Sir Walt.* — Nay, no great matter, only she is beset, made unlawful prize, and to night to be grapp'l'd and boarded, that's all.

*Capt.* — All in the Devils name! a very pretty All, faith: but hark you *Sir Walt*, or *Coxcomb*, or what may a man call you? if you run your *Lancashire*-Jests on me, I shall swinge you; I shall thrash you, in plain terms. D'ee see, *Sir*, therefore be serious: — My Wife d'ee say?

*Sir Walt.* — Nay if you are so Cholerick for nothing, I care not this for't; be a Cuckold, grow ridiculous; despair, and then hang your self on the top of the Main-Mast: Gad I'll not value it the cutting a corn, since you are so uncivil.

*Capt.* — 'Sbud speak to the purpose, or by *Boreas* I will eat thee up, as I would do a Sea-bisket.

*Sir Walt.* — What a damn'd Canibal-Rogue is this? Gad he looks as if he would eat me indeed—why then I say agen, thy Wife, thy *Helen*, thy *Octavia*, was this night to be engaged in an Intrigue; the business and place is only suppos'd, but the voracious Pirate is by my industry surpriz'd, detain'd a Prisoner of War, and confin'd to that Closet there.

*Capt.* — How! a Rascal surpriz'd in my Wives Closet? So, ho: bring out the Mortar-piece there: 'Oones I'll surprize him with a vengeance.

*Sir Walt.* — Hold, hold, here comes your Lady; —urge her to a Discovery; command the key, and observe her excuses: So, so, I think I shall be reveng'd now.

*Enter Livia.*

*Livia.* — If this project fail, I'm undone.

*Capt.* — Your Servant, Madam; pray if a man may ask a civil question, What news from the *Straits*? it seems (good Pinnacle) you were to be Boarded to night—hah!

*Livia.* — Boarded, *Sir*?

*Capt.* — Grapp'l'd, clapt a-stern; nay, and in danger to prove a Fire-ship—forc'd to a surrender by a through-shot betwixt Wind and Water, and then to be Mann'd by the Enemy in the Fore-Castle and Poop—with a Pox t'ee.

*Livia.* — I wish you would give your meaning, *Sir*, in plainer terms, for I am utterly unprovided of an answer to this.

*Sir Walt.* — Ay, alas poor *Innocence*, she knows not what you mean, not she.

*Capt.*

*Capt.* — No, no: Come give me the key of this Closet, I'll shew my meaning presently; What, d'ee tremble? Come, the key, the key, where is't?

*Livia.* — What key, Sir?

*Capt.* — What key, Sir! the key that unlocks the Bawdy door to your Stallion, that lies there in the Bilbo's: I'll seez him: 'Sbud I'll have him condemn'd by a Jury of Tarpawlings; first flea'd, then hung by the heels at the Yard-arm, a dreadful example to all such Cuckoldmakers: — the key I say, the key.

*Livia.* — Now, dear fortune, be propitious. [Aside.]

*Capt.* — Come where is't? by *Mars*, my Lady *Strumpet*, I shall give you a salt Eel; I shall show you a touch of my Sea-office if you trifle any longer.

*Livia.* — But why thus angry, Sir? you shall have the key, and instantly; but shew so much humanity to your poor Wife, one that has lov'd you (Heav'n knows too tenderly), to let her speak: give her time to unfold this mystical matter; let her plead her Innocence before she be condemn'd.

*Capt.* — Innocence! ay, a Whore has a wonderful stock of Innocence indeed: you are devout, are you? this is your zeal, is it? 'Sbud I ever thought there would come no good of your Devotion, you were so early at it.

*Livia.* — Is my Integrity suppos'd my Crime then? must that be my Accuser? my Husband should have kinder thoughts; and you, my friend, are too much a Gentleman so to condemn me; Heav'n knows how little I deserve this Ignominy. [Weeps.]

*Capt.* — Ay, ay, weep: this rain shall not lay the dust, the Stallion must be produc'd; he must Spouse, he must.

*Sir Walt.* — I am her Friend now, but I was her Fool and Coxcomb an hour ago.

*Livia.* — Produc'd, Sir: Can you think I would conceal him? Can you believe your Wife, the partner of your Bed, and dearest thoughts, could know a secret that concerns your Honour, and keep you ignorant? See here the whole discovery; my heart was too full of grief to let me speak the fatal story, and therefore I committed it to Writing. [Gives a paper.]

*Capt.* — Your heart too full! your crime was too foul rather: but come, let's see; here's a pretty modest scrawl, no doubt.

*Sir Walt.* — The Devil's in these Women; they had rather do that business, than talk of it any time. [They read the paper.]

*Livia.* — Here, here's the key; now do it cunningly, and gain my love for ever. [To Silvia.] [Aside.]

*Capt.* reads. — 'If Love were to be judg'd by Jealousie, then Jealousie were to be excus'd by Love; but the reason of the one, and the unreasonableness of the other, makes passionate Love suspected, and Jealousie hated; though to be jealous, is really to love, as to love is to be jealous, argued largely in the Amour of *Min Heer Van Belgor*, Admiral to the States-General; and the *Skinckimurra Brachia del Pegoe*, Wife of *Prester-John*.

*Capt.* — What the Devil is all this? Oones I can't understand a word on't: Do you?

*Sir Walt.* — Hum! *Skinckimurra Pegoe*, hum! ay, 'tis as you said, Captain, a very pretty modest scrawl: Come, let's see further.



*Read.* — 'Courtessie is only a pretence, and Friend-  
'ship grown a deceit, for your friend, Sir *Walter*, has  
'bin these six months solliciting me unlawfully—Ha!  
say you so—I understand that, Sir,—hum!

[*Livia makes signs to Sil-  
via to open the door.*

'Sir *Walt.* —That, Sir! pray let's see't. This damn'd Jilt will discover all.  
[*Aside.*

*Capt.* —'Sbud this is a very fine business, pray read on, Sir.

*Sir Walt.* reads. — 'Your friend, Sir *Walter*, has bin these six months sollici-  
'ting me unlawfully.

*Capt.* —Friend! ay, a sweet friend, fine damn'd friend—hum.

*Sir Walt.* reads. — 'And you are conscious to your self that you were for-  
'merly very familiar with his Wife—Hah, hum—who must understand that?  
there's a business—hum—who must understand that, I say? Familiar with her;  
not sollicit, but familiar, intimate, profoundly acquainted—familiar with her:  
you have no Off-spring, no Issue, no Sons of Whores begotten on her body,  
have you, Sir? Hah, hum.

*Capt.* —I! prithee leave thy prating: why, I hardly know her: I never  
came within shot of her in my life; these are Tricks, Wheadles, Clokes to cover  
the main matter, pray, Mistress, come to the point, the Rascal in the Closet  
there, the bawdy Intrigue—Where's that? where's that?

*Livia.* —Be careful now, or we are lost.

[*Aside to Silvia.*

Here, here, Sir,—pray observe it, fix your eye here stedfastly.

*Capt.* —Well, what's here?

*Livia.* —And you, Sir *Walter*.

*Sir Walt.* —I warrant you, I warrant you.

*Livia* reads. — 'The design being woven thus between you, about one ano-  
'thers Wives, *Townly* makes a forcibly Entry upon the Premises, by order of  
'my Lady *Millicent*; who, in a kind of a disorderly manner, orders Mr. *Townly*  
'and I to state a question in the *Mathematicks*, with design to put us all into dis-  
'order; but Sir *Walter* politickly sifting into the matter, and well knowing that  
'*Townly*, and my Lady *Millicent*, had instructed Sir *Barnaby* to wheadle the Cap-  
'tain into a belief, that *Welsh Winifrid* and *Benedick* were playing at Hot-  
'Cockles in the Mulberry-Garden, confirm'd the matter to be carried on by  
'*Wilding* and *Gratiana*, who were to be expos'd, and *Townly* confin'd to the Clo-  
'set upon due consideration: D'ee understand me? [*Whilst she is bantring them  
with this Letter, Silvia opens the door, and lets out Benedick instead of Townly.*  
So, she has done it. [*She holds her hand behind her, and Silvia gives  
her the key again.*

*Capt.* —'Sbud, the Devil, though he were a Scrivener, could not understand  
this: Do you, Sir *Walter*?

*Sir Walt.* —Not a syllable, not I, as I am a true Knight.

*Townly.* —Oh confounded misfortune! some damn'd Rascal, that had hid  
himself here, has made his escape instead of me. [*Peeping out of a window.*

*Capt.* —Pox on't, this is another whim; 'tis plain now, there's not one word  
of sense in the whole Letter; thou Spawn of a Syren, give me the key without  
more Demurs, or by the North-Star I will so-mawl thee.—

*Livia.*

*Livia.* — Why then there 'tis : you can stoop and take it up to make your discovery, I hope. [Flings the Key on the ground.]

*Capt.* — How ! my Lady Impudence ! are you in earnest ? [Aloud.]

*Livia.* — Ay, Sir, earnest ; why thou base, ingrateful, jealous-headed, rusty, snoring, fumbling creature, thou worn out stump, thou very husband : — had the Devil so much power over thee, to make thee suspect my honesty ? What ! a person of my Candor, Religion and Virtue ; a person of my birth and education ; a person of my modesty and wife-like patience ; and for the Assertion of that useless Tool there, that Knight of the Burning Pestle, that *Lancashire-spoke* for a Spinning-wheel, that fool of Quality, thing of title, and nothing else.

*Sir Walt.* — So, so : she's in her Altitudes now, but we shall fetch her down presently, Captain.

*Livia.* — Had it been from a witty man, 'twere to be excus'd ; but from him is a sin of Ignorance, not to be pardoned.

*Sir Walt.* — Good ! very good : Come, Sir, the Closet, the Closet, the Gentleman wants company.

*Capt.* — 'Tis a merry Gale now, but here's a Storm coming.

*Enter Silvia hastily.*

*Silv.* — Oh, Madam ! we are all undone, by a strange mistake ; instead of Mr. Townly, I let Mr. *Benedick* out of the Closet, who it seems had hid himself there.

*Livia.* — Ha ! what is Townly there still then ?

*Silv.* — Too true I fear.

*Livia.* — The Devil has a mind to expose me, and I strive against it in vain : Curst, hellish, spiteful chance, 'tis impossible now to retrieve it, I have so rail'd at them.

*Capt.* — Plant your self there, Sir *Walter*, in a posture of Defence, whilst I tack to Windward, and give the first Broadside.

*Livia.* — Stay, Sir, stay a minute, as you would have me live, come back a little : \* Ah, can you then be so cruel to shame me for ever ? \* [Kneeling.] what though I have bin indiscreet, and spoke too much, will you expose your poor Wife for her first fault ? Consider how I have lov'd you, with what a tender kindness I have nurs'd you, kiss'd you, hugg'd you, cherish'd you, comb'd your head, air'd your shirt, and lac'd your night-cap, clasp'd you in my arms, and let you snore with patience ; and though you were then a heavy lump, a Statue, I've made you, stir, and move, and live a little. [Sighs.]

*Capt.* Oh ! sits the Wind there already ? no Mermaid, Syren ; I'll stop my ears to all but Revenge, thou Bankside Mawdlin, Disease of Matrimony, unworthy the honour of being my Wife, and only fit for the Boatswain, or Swabber.

*Livia.* — Can nothing mollify your heart ? Sir *Walter*, be you merciful then, 'tis in your power to save all yet.

*Sir Walt.* — In mine ! what a Ninny, a *Lancashire-tool*, a Spoke for a Spinning-wheel ? hum — in my power say you ? F 2      Capt,

*Capt.* — Sir Walter guard the door ; and if he strives to escape, kill him. Housewife, come you and hold the Candle. [*To Silvia : they enter the Closet.*]

*Townly.* — There's no way but to leap over the Balcony—and I must venture. [*Leaps down.*]

*Sir Walt.* — What thinks your Ladyship of an Intrigue now—a Love-combat, a juggling trick ? Hey, pals, come aloft here ; what ! I am a fool, am I ? *Townly* is the man, the taking-man , and I am a thing, a thing of nothing ; but you shall find now, that he shall be nothing, nor (y' Gad) have nothing before I part with him. How now ! who comes here ? Give the word.

*Enter Silvia.*

*Silv.* — 'Tis I, Sir.

*Sir Walt.* — I Sir ! 'tis well you spoke, Gad I would have whipp'd you through the guts else.

*Silv.* — Look up, Madam, and smile, there's no body in the Closet ; Mr. *Townly* is gone, and as I believe, made his escape over the Balcony.

*Livia.* — Then Fate's my own agen, beyond danger of Relapse, and I will use it most triumphantly.

*Enter Captain.*

*Capt.* — Oones here's no body.

*Sir Walt.* — What, what ! no body ? that's a good Jest indeed, Ha, ha, no body ? [*Goes into the Closet.*]

*Livia.* — Your servant sweet Sir, \* with all the submission and respect due from an obliging Wife to a scurvy, jealous— \* [*Curtsies to him.*]  
no Husband : let me desire to know how Mr. *Townly* does, and how you have dealt with Mr. *Townly*, and how Mr. *Townly* has dealt with you : —Heaven avert my doubt, I fear you have murder'd him, Ha, ha, ha. [*Feigns to weep, and then bursts out a laughing.*]

*Capt.* — 'Sbud P'le mawl this foolish Knight, P'le teach him to play tricks with me,

*Enter Sir Walter in a sneaking, ridiculous posture.*

*Sir Walt.* — Well, what now ?

*Livia.* — Your servant sweet Sir ; \* the last courtesie \* [*Curtsies to him too.*]  
you did me, in concealing my Intrigue was so generously perform'd, that I vow there is no favour you would demand, that I think I could deny : \* Pray, Sir, speak, I beseech you let me be grateful.

*Sir Walt.* — Well, Madam, though the Devil is your friend, and so forth, yet I have eyes, Madam, I have eyes.

*Livia.* — So has an Als, from whom thou differ'st not, but by thy Ears : thou wicker-bottle, edg-less knife ; thou Ape of generation, whom Providence shuffled hither in an unthinking Age, for no such fools are created now-a-days : Dost thou dare to blast my Virtue, my Integrity, thou laughter of our sex, and

and foot-ball of thy own? If I were a man, I would cut that Carkass of thine into as small a quantity as thy Wits; I'd make you an example.

*Sir Walt.* —Nay, now she has got the whip-hand of us, the Devil's in her. Well, I must take another time, 'tis in vain to contend now. [Exit.

*Capt.* —What, is he gone? 'Sbud I'll after him, and have satisfaction, or I'll whip him through the Mid-riff, by *Mars*. [Exit,

*Livia.* —Thus when extremes of fear too near advance,  
Some Courtly God looks down and lends us chance;  
Turns the great Scale, let's longing Lovers meet;  
And dangers past, make coming joys more sweet.

[Exit.

## ACT. IV. SCENE I.

*Spring - Garden.*

*Enter Gratiana and Winifrid.*

*Grat.* —Come, prithee let's be gone; I wonder what delight thou canst take in this Garden, a place so intolerably pester'd with Flies and Fops.

*Winif.* —By *St. Tavy*, Fop was fery coot Diferfions, to *Winny*; there is fine tittle tattles, and pribbles and prabbles, that makes *Winny* laugh till her pones akes agen.

*Grat.* —This place is the Retreat of Lewdnels, the very *Mart* of Debauchery: Here the raw Country-Fop treats the Town-Bully; the sneaking Cuck-old his ugly Wife, and more ugly Off spring; the Spindle-shank'd Prentice his dirty Drab, and the Court Fleth-fly his Mills of Quality.

*Winif.* —And is not all this fery coot Diferfions, look you? Pless us awll! sure your blood is corrupted with Flegmaticks and Melancholies.

*Enter Wilding and Benedick.*

*Bened.* —Here's some encouragement however: that smile shews they'r in a good humour.

*Grat.* —See, Madam, here's some of the company you wish'd for.

*Winif.* —Are these fools? Pless us awll, how they stare at us?

*Wild.* —She begins already, I find we shall have a blessed entertainment.

*Bened.* —Prithee have patience.

*Wild.* —When Beauty in the Conquest bears a part,  
Who can have skill enough to guard a Heart?

*Grat.* —When

*Grat.* — When Impudence in man exceeds the Devil,  
Who can have skill enough to make him civil?

*Bened.* — There's a relish for you my friend, you shall have more anon.

*Wild.* An honourable Zeal to serve a Beauty, was ne're accounted Impudence till now: we are no Satyrs, Madam.

*Grat.* — If you had their hoofs, as you have their manners, 'twas the best name I could call you.

*Bened.* — Nay, nay, no struggling, for by St. *Winifrid* Hur will, and must be heard.

*Grat.* — I know not what ails me, but of late I have no mind to rail against this *Wilding*: sure he wears some Charm about him.

*Wild.* — The Devil's in her: that such a shape shou'd harbour so insufferable a humour.

Madam, though I hate Intrusion, it wou'd appear a grand rudeness in me not to entertain you in this juncture; for a good Wit (like yours) should never be alone.

*Grat.* — And no Wit like yours should, Sir: and so your Servant. [Exit.]

*Wild.* Dam her, her Wit has Daggers in't, and every word she speaks stings like an Adder: Well; Come what will, I'll follow her, and rail victoriously this once, though I prove ever Dumb hereafter. Exit.

*Winif.* — What! is hur Cozen gone, and has left hur?

*Bened.* — Gone into the next Walk, 'tis a piece of civility in her to give Lovers opportunity.

*Winif.* Opportunity's! Pless us awil, for what? you will not Ravish hur, will you? nor rob *Winny* of precious Jewels and Virginities, I hope.

*Bened.* — Upon my soul but I will though, and yet do thee no harm neither:— Come, prithee be willing, and save the trouble.

*Winif.* — The Tevil shall have thee first; hur will not save the trouble, therefore let hur have liperties and freedoms, or hur will cry out, and scratch, and bite, and kick, and sprawl; Oh heavens! what Ravish hur—at these years? Would he were in earnest, I vow. [Aside.]

*Bened.* — Oh I Love a Ladies voice that cries out on such an occasion extremely: and as for biting and scratching, 'tis better than tickling to me, the greatest motive to raise my appetite in the world: Come, come, you were made thus beautiful to be belov'd; and 'tis a sin to let your Lover languish for what you once must part with, or be wretched.

*Winif.* Ay, put then there is Marriages in the case: Look you; if hur were Married, then let 'em Ravish hur a Cods name.

*Bened.* — Marriage! why, 'tis the Antidote of Love, the very thought on't makes me cold and spiritless: I'm stupid, numb'd now, that Damn'd word freezes more than the coldest blast in the North of *Greenland*.

*Winif.* — Prea let hur go. This is a fery dull fellow, I swear. [Aside.]

*Bened.* — You kill me if you speak on't: Come, come this way.

*Winif.* — Why sure hur will not force hur.

*Bened.* — I will not force thee: I know thou wilt consent, my Dear.

*Winif.* — Hur cannot, dare not, must not consent; Oh, my heart, how it peats—



peats—is there no Honours nor Faith in men? Let hur eo now, hur will be kinder another time.

*Bened.* —Oh, I dare not trust to that, some peevish fit or other will happen, and then, like a true woman, you will recant, and perfidiously break your promise; and a man may as soon get Money of a Jew upon Charity, as a Love-favour from a Woman, when she's out of humour.

*Winif.* —Why then hur thinks hur is in humours now?

*Bened.* —No, but I think you will be before the business is done; that's my comfort.

*Winif.* —Prea do not vex hur thus: kind, sweet Sir, upon hur knees hur pegs hur to let hur go. [Kneels.]

*Bened.* —Will you be kind then next time? Swear upon your Soul.—

*Winif.* —And upon hur Soul's and Podies hur will.

*Bened.* —And love me?

*Winif.* —Teerly.

*Bened.* —And be so grateful to deny me nothing I shall ask?

*Winif.* —Nothing that you shall desire.

*Bened.* —This civil kifs then, and farewell:—nay go instantly from my sight, for if I look on thee, there is a Dancing Devil in that Eye would make me turn Apostate, spite of Ten thousand Vows and Promises.

*Winif.* —A the Tevil take thee for fery fools; what! believe what Woman says in such cases, and talk of kisses and civilities? Farewell; [Apart.] Well *Winny's* shall never desire thy dull Conversations more upon hur Souls.

[Aside.] [Exit.]

*Bened.* —When there are sure hopes of a surrender, there is the less need of force; besides, Compliance and Free-will is the Soul of enjoyment: for 'tis a folly for a man to snatch greedily a raw ill-dress'd morsel, when for a little patience a well-cook'd savoury Dish will court his appetite, and is purposely prepar'd for him. How now, *Tom!* is the gone?

*Enter Wilding.*

*Wild.* —Dam her: she is got amongst a Herd of She-Foxes yonder, and is not possibly to be hunted from 'em; but I have set my Footman to dog-where she goes, and am firmly resolv'd for another Tongue-combat.

*Bened.* —My little *Welsh* Rogue is gone too; well, some grand mischief will certainly happen to me, for I'll tell thee what I did just now.—I mis'd the critical minute, and let my ador'd creature go, meerly out of a high point of honour: What think'st thou? is not this a damn'd Omen of more damn'd luck, ha?

*Wild.* —'Tis, I confess, as usual with thee to be so civil, as 'tis to say thy prayers; but yet the Omen may be propitious enough, all things consider'd.

*Bened.* —Dam consideration, would I had her again; but I must be civil, forsooth, and so lose my Mistress: Civil, and value punctilio's of honour and virtue: Virtue, that Vanity of women, and Bugbear of fools.

*Wild.* —Virtue, that was so civil to possess thy heart, which thou didst not desire,

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desire; and so uncivil to hinder thee from enjoying a Beauty, which thou did'st.

*Bened.* — True, by yon Stars! curs'd, foolish plebeian notion.

*Wild.* — Ha, ha, ha: How now! who comes here?

*Enter Sir Barnaby flauntingly, Dress'd like an Officer, with a Footman.*

*Sir Barn.* — Let the Roundheads Plot on,  
Till at last they'r undone  
By hurting their Brains to Decoy us. } Sings.

*Bened.* — Hah! what, my quondam Rabbi Achitophel, Sir Barnaby Whigg?

*Sir Barn.* — Captain Whigg, if you please, Sir:

*Let the Roundheads Plot on, &c. } Sings.*

*Wild.* — Ah, you are a precious Turn-coat Rascal: What! now the Storm is coming, you are for the King, I warrant?

*Sir Barn.* — Ay, ay boy—thou'rt in the right: S'woones who should I be else for, hoh?—

*Bened.* — He blusters, and pretends to Swear too.

*Sir Barn.* — No faith, I'm but a learner yet; I can't mouth an Oath worth a farthing, for I have bin so us'd to uds-nigs, uds-chitterlings, and the like, that my mouth is quite spoil'd for Swearing; but I don't doubt in a little time.——

*Wild.* — This upstart in Debauchery, is wicked enough to Damn an Army.

*Bened.* — From a Saint to a Devil, is but an odd Conversion.

*Sir Barn.* — Peace: Tace; not a word of that:—If thou had'st the Pox, would'st thou love to hear on't? besides, what I do, is not so much for my own sake, as for my poor Wives.

*Wild.* — Your Wife! your Whore you mean.

*Sir Barn.* — She was my Whore once, 'tis true—but I have now Married her.

*Wild.* — Lawfully are you sure?

*Sir Barn.* — So Parson Clammy says: you know him.

*Bened.* — What is this Clammy?

*Wild.* — O, a fellow of the true tone and cant, and famous amongst the long-eared Rout for his oily hand, goggle eyes, and stinking breath.

*Sir Barn.* — His Doctrine was not very savoury, that's the truth on't, for all his double way of exercising.

*Bened.* — His double way! prithee what's that?

*Sir Barn.* — Why his holding forth to the Men all day, and to the Women all night; that I call his double way.

*Bened.* — A precious brother indeed.

*Wild.* — Then the green Ribbon Club I find is now dispers'd: pray, where's your late friend and brother Sir Miles Absinuous?

*Sir Barn.*

*Sir Barn.* —Where? why in *Newgate*.

*Bened.* —How! *Newgate*? who has Impeach't him?

*Sir Barn.* —I, I my self, man: Impeach't him! and more than that, intend to hang him next Sessions.

*Bened.* —A fine, friendly, Christian-like Act, in troth.

*Sir Barn.* —Ay Gad—friend or father in such a case: up they-go to save my own neck: I don't love hanging, for my part—others may.

*Wild.* —Well, thou art alter'd in thy nature, I see; prithee what Religion art?

*Sir Barn.* —Oh, Orthodox, good, sound, substantial: I love Bishops with all my heart; Gad they keep excellent Tables.

*Wild.* —And 'tis for that, if the truth were known. Well, Sir, look to't, for if I find you change this Opinion.

*Sir Barn.* —If you do, Hang me, Impeach, Carbonado, Fricassee me:—I tell thee I am fix'd firm as a Rock; and so farewell. I have ten quart Bumpers to drink to the Kings Health to night, and they shall off as I'm an Orthodox Captain; and so a Pox of all Roundheads: Come away, boy. [Exit.

*Wild.* —Who dares trust mankind that sees this fellow? I am resolv'd to have a trick upon him; I'll sift him once more; my Footman shall be my Agent.

*Bened.* —And here opportunely he comes.

*Enter Footman.*

*Footm.* —Sir, I dogg'd my Lady *Lofly* to the Captains house, and heard her order her Footman to fetch the Coach thither.

*Wild.* —Why then hey for a tryal of Skill: Come friend; Sirrha come you hither too, you must do a bus'ness for me: You can Act a *Scotch* Priest, can't you, sirrha?

*Footm.* —Bread a Gad, Can I, Sir? and weel too.

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## SCENE II.

*Enter Townly in Womens Cloaths, led in by Captain Porpuls;  
and Boy after.*

*Capt.* —FAIR Lady, welcome aboard, heartily welcome, as a man may say: what, ho, there in the Cook-room? where's my Wife? have a little patience, Madam, and I'll fetch her instantly.—

*Townly.* —'Sdeath how I tremble?

*Capt.* —Oones, what a strapping Quean's this! what a Bulk she bears! and true *Flemish* built, I see that, by her Forecastle: Gad she's a brave Frigor, and by *Cassio* and *Pollux* I'll give her a Broadside presently. [Exit.

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*Townly.*

*Townly.* — The Devil cram thee into one of thy own Guns, and shoot thee off at the *Turks*, e're thou liv'st to fright the *Yo'agen*.

*Boy.* — Where did you meet him, Sir? I'm sure he did not come by me.

*Townly.* — A Pox on him, at the Garden-gate, just as I was whistling to get in; and seeing me peep about, he bluntly ask'd me who I would speak with? At that word I gave a start, that I believe would have shook off Nature from a weaker constitution, and made shift to tell him, his Wife; and (I thank him) he is now going to fetch her to me.

*Boy.* — The merchandize had need be good, I'm sure you venture hard.

*Townly.* — Sirrha! I had no way to get to her, but by this disguise: but, d'ee hear sirrha, go you instantly to my tother Mistress, the Lady *Millicent*, and desire her to meet me at *Locketts* this evening; and excuse my absence, and tell her I'm involv'd in a damnable Suit of Law, and have this day had a Tryal before the Judges in *Westminster-Hall*: you Dog, you could tell a lye handsomely once with a Pox to you.

*Boy.* — O, Sir, never doubt me, I'm still Master of my faculty. [Exit.

*Townly.* — I hope I shall be Mistress of mine, if I continue in this habit two hours longer. — A pretty, decent Garb this faith, and very proper to the business; for a Petticoat is as necessary for one that designs to run to another mans Wife, as Breeches are for a woman that intends to run from her Husband: But hark! here they come; now to my posture.

*Enter Captain and Livia.*

*Capt.* — Here is my Spouse ready to embrace thee, fair *Siren* of the Rocks.

*Livia.* — Madam, I beg your Ladyships pardon; I have forgot you.

*Capt.* — What's that! forgot her? [Exit.]

*Townly.* — Hell and the Devil! I shall be betray'd; she does not know me! Forget me, Madam? what, your dear Sister? [Whispers.

*Livia.* — O, dear Madam! is it you? I beg your pardon a thousand times; my dear (dear) Sister! [Kisses him.

*Capt.* — Oh! is your memory come agen? forget her Quotha! that's a good Jest indeed.

*Livia.* — The solace of my youth, soul of my joys, my life, my heart, my dear, dear, sweet, charming — [Kisses him.

*Capt.* — Ah poor Rogues, they make my mouth water to see 'em: 'Sbud, Madam, I'm but a rough-hew'n Courtier; I cannot prate, nor complement, nor chatter fragments of Damn'd Poetry, nor I. — But if you will have a taste of my skill, you shall: you shall hear me say, and Box my Compass.

*Townly.* — Plague that will be insufferable. [Aside.

*Capt.* — Nore, Nore and by East, Nore, Nore-East, Nore-East and by Nore, Nore-East: Nore-East and by East, East, Nore-East, East and by Nore, East: East and by Sou, East, Sou-East, Sou-East and by East, Sou-East: Sou-East and by Sou, Sou, Sou-East, Sou and by East: Sou, Sou and by West, Sou, Sou-West, Sou-West and by Sou, Sou-West: Sou-West and by West, West, Sou-West, West and by Sou, West: West and by Nore, West, Nore-West, Nore-West and by

by West, Nore-West: Nore-West and by Nore, Nore, Nore-West, Nore and by West, Nore.

*Enter Rachell.*

*Rachell.* — I must have a trick to get this old *Porpoise* out of the way, Sir; Captain *Bluster* has sent his Man to desire your company at the *Three Cranes* about earnest bus'ness.

*Capt.* — Bus'ness! a Pox of his bus'ness, what does he trouble me for? Cannot he get a Commission for Convoy, cheat the King, and so forth without me; Prithee tell him I'm engag'd here with this Fairy, this Cherubin has engag'd me: Gads-bud, well remembered, I'll secure you both my self till I come agen; faith here's an *Alcove*, the best in the World for that bus'ness: Come, Madam, nay no drawing back; by *Mars* 'tis a frolick, and I am resolv'd to have my humour.

*Townly.* — I shall laugh, I shall never contain my self.

*Capt.* Spouse, be sure you be kind to her; d'ee hear; give her a Bus for me: D'ee smile, Rogue? d'ee smile? I'll be with you presently, faith: Get you in; go, get you in: So, if my bus'ness is not done now, the [Locks 'em in. Devil's in't, for I'm sure of her till my return; then, if she yields upon a fair Summons, so; if not, I'll blow up her upper Deck, by *Jove*; I'm a true Tar-pawlin; I'm for no Parlies. But now I'll go to the *Three Cranes*, and see for Captain *Bluster*. [Exit.

*Enter Sir Walter.*

*Sir Walt.* — The old Blunderbus is gone, though long first; I have bin stow'd up in a Cole-hole under the Stairs for these two hours; the Spiders and I have Roofed together only to watch his going out; for I am resolv'd to know the meaning of his Wives last project, for the Devil take me if I understood her; and who knows but it might be a Love-trick, a Sham, only to blind her Husband's eyes; I'm sure I us'd to be a lucky Dog at these matters. Hark! sure I hear her voice.

Within. *Livia.* — Prithee let us laugh: I swear this was the pleasantest Adventure I ever knew; Ha, ha, ha.

Within. *Townly.* — To bubble your Husband too, Madam, and make him the Procurer; Ha, ha, ha: Oh I could laugh eternally.

*Sir Walt.* — The Devil! what's this I hear? *Townly* in the *Alcove*?

Within. *Townly.* — And then to gull that Coxcomb, *Sir Walter*, of his Mistress too, that Tool of Knighthood, that Copper-farthing with the Kings stamp on't; to cheat him too is a true Scene of pleasure; Ha, ha, ha.

*Sir Walt.* — Is it so, damn'd Rascals? O, for a Pistol now charg'd with white Powder, that I might kill 'em both, and make no noise on't.

*Livia.* — Could the Insect imagine I lov'd him! what I love a fool?

*Sir Walt.* — Fool! Ha, ha, ha; oh the damnable ignorance of Women.



*Enter Captain.*

*Capt.* — I have bin at the *Three Cranes*, and the Devil of any one is there to speak with me : sure the Jilt abuses me.

*Sir Walt.* — The Captain ! so, now for revenge : now Jilt, now Rascal, I'll requite your treachery : now shew a Jugling-trick and vanish : now shoot (like Atoms) through the key-hole, or like Mice under the door, if you can ; I'll watch you, faith.

*Capt.* — How now ! uds bud what's here ? this damn'd Coxcomb-Knight nosing my game already ? what bus'ness have you here, Sir, ha ?

*Sir Walt.* — Hush man, speak lower ; and if you have any regard to your honour, now look about you, for to my knowledge there is in that *Alcove* a person with your Wife, whom——

*Capt.* — Whom perhaps you love ? Oones I love her too, make your best on't. *[Offers to Draw.]*

*Sir Walt.* — Pish, prithee have patience, and hear me : why thou think'st thou'rt in a Storm sure by this blustering and swearing : I tell thee there is a person in that *Alcove*—that——

*Capt.* — That I desire should continue there still.

*Sir Walt.* — Continue, Sir ! what, with your Wife, Sir ?

*Capt.* — With my Wife, Sir.

*Sir Walt.* — What, *Townly* ! that Villain *Townly* ?

*Capt.* — Hey day ! *Townly* ! Ha, ha, ha, the fool's distracted ; prithee is *Townly* a Man or a Woman, ha ?

*Sir Walt.* — Nay she can best tell by this time.

*Capt.* — Ay, ay, I'm a Cuckold, Ha, ha, ha, I'm a Cuckold, and *Townly* is with her, Ha, ha, ha ?

*Sir Walt.* — What a Fox d'ee laugh at ? I tell you he is with her, I heard his voice.

*Capt.* — Well, Sir, let him be there, he'll do no hurt, Ha, ha, ha.

*Sir Walt.* — Do her no hurt ? is the Devil in him ? why, believe your eyes then ; I'll open the door.

*Capt.* Sir, stand off, I'll not have 'em disturb'd, 'tis not civil.

*Sir Walt.* — Not civil ! a Fox—he's bewitch'd sure ; what, to be reveng'd of a man that lies with your Wife, not civil ?

*Capt.* — I say, not civil, Sir.

*Sir Walt.* — Then you allow it ?

*Capt.* — Yes, Sir, I will allow any thing they do.

*Sir Walt.* — And you saw 'em go in ?

*Capt.* — Ay, Sir ; and more than that, I lock'd 'em in, and here's the key.

*Sir Walt.* — One is too little ; all the Devils have possess'd him : and you will be a Cuckold then ? you are resolv'd on't ?

*Capt.* — Now you lye, Sir, and so I lower your top-sail ; go, scud away quickly, or (d'ee hear) I shall grapple, I shall board you ; by this hand I shall, *Sir Walt.* *[Strikes off his Hat.]*

*Sir Walt.*

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Sir Walt. — Why, Captain, are you need? Do but hear me mun.

Capt. — Away I say, before *Durandon* be unsheath'd.

Sir Walt. — I tell you I heard him there; what a Devil ails him.

Capt. — I shall fwing you confoundedly if you stay.

Sir Walt. — Let me but open the door, and if I fly—

Capt. — Ho, Bounce: there's a Gun then. Bounce: keep your Deck hoh.  
[Strikes him.]

Sir Walt. — What a Devil ails him? why, Captain!—

Capt. — Hey boys, she flies—Scowr, scowr, scowr; so, so, [Runs him out.  
now the fool's gone, come out *Chickens*, come; and how [Unlocks the door.  
does my Mistress do? ha! what almost tyr'd I warrant.

Enter Townly and Livia.

Townly. — No indeed, Sir, I'll stay another hour if you please.

Capt. — Good faith no such matter, I've a cup of Sack within came from *Teneriff*; come, we'll go and make a Collation, and sing, and kifs, and be merry; some sweet *Pinnace*: Gadzooks she has the finest Buttocks; come Duck, come. [Exeunt.]

Livia. — Thus far all is serene and clear; pray heav'n no Storm happen hereafter, for I must venture to go and part 'em, though I find it will be difficult: Hark! 'tis my Lady *Lofly*'s voice. [Call within, Livia,  
But I must beg her pardon now, I'm engag'd. [Exit. my Dear.]

Enter Gratiana and Wilding.

Grat. — *Livia*, *Livia*, where are you?

Wild. — An ill-natur'd beauty deserves to want company; who is't you seek?

Grat. — 'Tis my misfortune to find one I don't seek always.

Wild. — Your notion is as treacherous as your humour: you would find me, I know you are in love with me.

Grat. — Obliging Vanity; for what I pray?

Wild. — My Person, my Humour, Language and Wit; all which you have the vanity to believe you can best judg of.

Grat. — Yes, so well judg, to know your deficiency in either of these, I thank my Stars.

Wild. — Can you disprove me?

Grat. — Yes.

Wild. — Do.

Grat. — First for your Person then.

Wild. — Come, what of that?

Grat. — Heav'n keep me from prophaning it; 'tis a leud, foppish, censorious, noisy person, a meer piece of puff-past, a flesh-bag, that carries God a'mighty's fool to the Worlds great Mart, there sells him to the Devil by Inch of Candle for a Suburb Whore, and a Bottle of Champaign.

Wild.

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Wild. —So, my Language?

Grat. 'Tis more barbarous than *Dutch*; your words are creeping, the very Reptils of Language, and one would guess your Tutor was a Waterman.

Wild. —Very well. My Wit?

Grat. —Premeditation only; you are like a narrow-neck'd Bottle hastily turn'd downwards; upon surprize one can get nothing out of you. You, Sir, (amongst all men) should love Plays, and pay double when you go; for 'twas a Comedy, and not a Colledge that set you up for a Wit.

Wild. —Excellent! Gad she has put me into a sweat. If abusive railing may pass for Wit, Madam, I confess, you have shewn some now.

Grat. —What! and to one I'm in love withall? Consider, Sir.

Wild. —Nay, do you consider, Madam, you that are the very Mint of falsehood, in whose face treachery and smiles are promiscuously joyn'd to cheat the adventurous fool that comes to barter—You are—

Grat. —You are.

Wild. —Nay, Gad, now you shall hear what you are, [if I have a heart to speak it. *Aside.*

You are one that nature doggedly design'd a plague to vex mankind: have at you in Verse, y<sup>e</sup> faith.

*Your Virtue, which as little has*

*Of Beauty as your face,*

*Was giv'n not as a blessing, but a guide*

*For men to see your vanity and pride.*

*Had you bin perfect, as just heav'n Decreed*

*with care you should not be,*

*I blush to think, how your Disdain would feed*  
*upon mortality.*

*But since you are not good, nor kind, nor wise,*

*whence can this pride arise,*

*That makes best graces seem Deformities.*

Grat. —So: these I dare swear, Sir, are the fruits of your own Muse by their little wit, and much ill nature: and, I vow, I am so ill at Rhiming, that I have only one poor Couplet to return by way of Answer.

*I'm Pleasure's slave, whose heart wild passions rule;  
To fools a Wit, but the wistry Womans fool.*

Wild. —'Sdeath I can hold out no longer: If so many graces appear when she's angry, what must she be when pleas'd.

Grat. —Come, Sir, your Repartee—what! are you grown dull o' th' sudden?

Wild. —I see then, Madam, you'll never have done: Come, speak on.

Grat. —I take no pride in speaking of this subject.

Wild. —That you glory to affront our Sex, I have prov'd by my self.

Grat. —When you glory to begin Discourses of this nature, 'tis rather you that give the affront.

*Wild.*

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*Wild.* Meer design, upon my soul, on my side, and only to try your humour and wit: why should we differ thus, Madam, and waste those hours in tedious and unpleasant wranglings, that should be spent in the contrary extreme, kind wit, obliging looks, and tender notions.

*Grat.* — And would you kill your Darling Satyr then? Satyr, your bosom-friend! and (if you are to speak to a Woman) the very key of your Eloquence, and soul of your Wit and Fancy.

*Wild.* — Madam, this Satyr you speak of is a *Cupid*, blest'd, sweet, and charming: you saw it only in Disguise, which now pull'd off, the God himself appears, kind, beautiful, and young, to glad my heart with love and tender passion.

*Grat.* — Love! of what in the name of Virtue?

*Wild.* — Of you. [Heav'n be prais'd 'tis out at last.]

*Grat.* — Of me! Ha, ha, ha: I swear you'r a fool then.

*Wild.* — I am so, who can help it; yet still I must love on.

*Grat.* — Swear.

*Wild.* — By this dear hand.

*Grat.* — Agen.

*Wild.* — These dazzling lovely eyes, that pretty powting lip, that Angels face, and Wit more sacred, I do; so help me Love, and so may I thrive and prosper.

*Grat.* — You have brought your self into a fine condition.

*Wild.* — The happiest and most sacred of my life. Loves intire self is here: my Heart's his Pallace, and every artery and vein about me is full of Love, nothing but Love: Does not the sympathetick power Charm you? Do you not feel him, Madam?

*Grat.* — A little.

*Wild.* — It will be more e're long: the Deity is now just blowing up the Coles that are to Thaw that proud, hard, frozen heart; I know it will be mine: Come, banish (Madam) the Virgins pride and coyness, and let the *Goddeſs*, like her self, appear: Say then you love, you will; say instantly, for every word against it carries Fate.

*Grat.* — Well, Sir, to save your life I will; but—

*Wild.* — Ah dear, charming, heav'nly creature! [Embraces her eagerly.]

*Grat.* — Nay, hear me out; for it concerns you nearly, before you are constant: I say, be sure you are, for I am monstrous passionate, and extremely jealous, and hate a Rival ev'n to Death and Hell; take heed to oblige in this, and then—

*Wild.* — Is there a pleasure like Content in Love? No, 'tis impossible.

*The Warrior seeks the paths where Honour trod,*

*The Miser courts the wealthy dazzling God.*

*But th' Lover still the greatest joy doth know;*

*By Beauty blest'd, gains Paradise below.*

[Exeunt]

ACT.

48. (49)

## A C T. V.

*Enter Wilding and Benedick.*

*Bened.* — **T**HIS comes of Railing, *Tom*: Did I not prognosticate the result of this business? have I not hourly cultivated thee with that old phrase, *Amantium ira Amoris?* and art thou snapt at last? Ha, ha, ha.

*Wild.* — You are merry, Sir; but he that laughs when there is no Jest, is like one that has a damn'd serious face, but no business, 'tis equally ridiculous.

*Bened.* — Ha, ha, ha, to rail one self into a passion, is the oddest method I ever knew; 'tis a fit subject for a Scene; I intend to commend it to a Poet of my acquaintance.

*Wild.* — Take heed, and pray that I get thee not at an advantage; for if I do, I will be a perpetual plague to thee. A Coward that by chance has won a prize, brags not so much as I will Tyrannize.

*Bened.* — Ha, ha, ha; but see yonder's your man disguis'd, coming with *Sir Barnaby*: I find the trick takes.

*Wild.* — The Rogue has dress'd himself like a *Dominican*; now for a Tryal of my Roundheads Orthodox-honesty; I believe I shall find him a Recreant-Knight. Come, let's retire, and observe. [Exit.

*Enter Sir Barnaby and Swift.*

*Sir Barn.* — How, Father? a *Bassa's* Widow, say you?

*Swift.* — God feth is she, Sir, and *Neice* tal the Grand Vizier.

*Sir Barn.* — What, and in Love with me?

*Swift.* — Sick, Sir, even to death for you; nay, if she were not almost past recovery, ye shou'd not so soon ha' known it, Sir; poor Lady, she was bred from an Infant under my Guardianship; I was her Confessor at *Rome*; and lately being enjoyn'd a Pennance here into *England* to visit *St. Coleman's* Tomb; 'tis her hard fate to fall in love, Sir; nay, is likely to throw away a vast fortune upon a *Heretick*, a Protestant I fear; and if so, she's undone for ever.

*Sir Barn.* — Od's heart here's luck now: Nay, good Father say not so, I am her Vassal, her humble slave, her dog, any thing.

*Swift.* — Ay, Sir, there may be love enough; and though you are Married, we can get a Dispensation: but where's the Blessing? where's the Sanctification? Pray what Religion are ye, Sir?

*Wild.* — So, there's the Choak-pear; now listen.

*Sir Barn.* — What Religion am I? hum? why, faith, to tell thee the truth, Father, I am — hum — Of what Religion am I, d' you say?

*Wild.* — Ah!



*Wild.* — Ah! dam'd Rogue, now the word *Orthodox* can't get out of's mouth.

*Swift.* — Ay, Sir, what Sect? what Opinion?

*Sir Barn.* — Opinion? why, look Father, I'me of Opinion that — but by the way first, if I may be so bold, pray what Estate has this Lady? you say she's very rich.

*Swift.* — Why, Sir, if you happen to prove an honest, godly *Roman Catholick*, she shall have Ten thousand pounds; but if you are a *Protestant*. — [*Angrily.*]

*Sir Barn.* — Not I man, I'me no *Protestant*, not I, nor never was, nor never will be, not I — 'Sbud Ten thousand pounds. [*A side.*]

*Swift.* — Or own any Allegiance or Power but his Holiness the Pope, and See of *Rome*.

*Sir Barn.* — Not I, faith, the Pope's a very worthy, civil Gentleman; and for my part, I ever lov'd and honour'd him.

*Wild.* — So thou wou'dst the Devil if he brought but Money enough.

*Bened.* — Without doubt, and own him, the same civil, worthy Person.

*Swift.* — Son, Son, I fear you are not sound at heart; I fear the weed of Heresie has infected you, and you cannot dispence with our Doctrine.

*Sir Barn.* — Pish, I can I tell thee with all my heart man, the Doctrine's a good Doctrine; yes, faith, I like the humour of't well enough, and will dispence with't, bate me but the wearing of a hair Shirt, and using Father *Whitebread's* unconscionable Cat of Nine-tails.

*Swift.* — Not for the World, Sir; to what height wou'd that flesh rise, were it not sometimes Disciplin'd? you are full of sin, Son, Fat, fat, very fat.

*Sir Barn.* — Portly, portly, like the Ancient *British* Race, a Vessel of choice Wares, a Man of Kidney.

*Swift.* — See how Fate orders things; I never cou'd perswade this Wife Lady to love a Lean man: by St. *Andrew* she never cou'd endure 'em.

*Sir Barn.* — Gad she's a witty Woman, a most ingenious person I warrant her: and Ten thousand pounds too! — Udsbud there's a Sum, there's luck, there's fortune: Go thy ways brother Fat, Gad thou'rt a brave fellow: but, Father, where is she, Father? I'me impatient; let me fix; let me see her.

*Swift.* — First fix your faith, Sir; here are your Beads, the Consecrated tokens of your Conversion; be constant, and use 'em well; pray often, then be happy.

*Sir Barn.* — Faith I'll do what I can; but, Father, you'd do me a very great favour to oblige me with half a score good-taking prayers: for to deal ingenuously with you, I am at present a little out of sorts; you know we Soldiers are seldom very devout.

*Swift.* — My care shall still attend you, Sir, — God seeth. —

*Enter a Seaman with a Letter.*

*Seaman.* — For Father *Sawney*, these from *Rhodes*.

*Swift.* — Hah! and come in most happy time from her Uncle the *Bassa*, without whose consent she has formerly Vow'd not to Marry: and this Letter doubtless contains his pleasure.

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Reads.

**Letter.** — "Since my Neice is driven to such extremity, and that her ill fortune obliges her to Love one whose Nation I hate; I am forc't to consent to't, but upon these two Conditions: First, that he be found of Quality; and, secondly, that he immediately turn Muselman, or else my Curle and Mahomets follow her.

**Swift.** — Wouns what's here! why, this is worst of all, base, irreligious, worse, worse than any thing.

**Sir Barn.** — What? what's that? what, does he say I must turn Mustard-man?

**Swift.** — Oh! more impious, barbarous, far beyond the vaineſt of all Sects and Heresies, a Fiend, a Musle-man.

**Sir Barn.** — Musleman! what a Fisherman?

**Swift.** — Worse, worse still, far more criminal than the basest of Functions; he says you must never Marry his Neice, unless you turn *Turk*.

**Sir Barn.** — *Turk*! Well, well, since it can't be help't, I'll turn *Turk*, man, Jew, Moor, Gracian, any thing: Pox on't, I'll not lose a Lady, and such a sum for the sake of any Religion under the Sun, by Mahomet not I. — [Throws the Beads away.

**Swift.** — But does not your Conscience prick you a little?

**Sir Barn.** — Not a jot, faith. Why you old fool, our Conscience is our Interest always, and I have not been a Rebel so long sure to have any squeamish fits at these years.

**Seaman.** — Our Expreſs from the *Levant* brings word of a Fleet of *Turkish* men coming hither, and 'tis suppos'd upon some great design.

**Swift.** — There's your way, Son; and since it must be so, obey Mahomet; fight for the *Grand Signior*, and win the Lady.

**Sir Barn.** — Ple do't by *Alha*, by Mahomet I will; I'll go presently and corrupt my Men; some with bribes, some with promises and fair words, others with preferments: Then sow Sedition 'mongst the *Mobile*, win 'em with Pots of Ale, and Penny Loafs, to commit Ryots, Murders; there's your Policy! I'll do't I say; I'm sure I'm safe, for my Astrologer has secur'd my life, therefore I'll go on; and when *Signior Turk* and I plunder the City, the Lady Mine, and Mine the Potent *Bullion*, then *Grandfire Grey-beard* shalt thou be my *Bassa*.

Enter Wilding, Benedick and Officers.

**Wild.** — But e're that happen, grand Rascal, you shall be hang'd.

**Sir Barn.** — Wilding! then I'm undone, and all the Stars have fail'd me.

**Wild.** — By Mahomet have they, and most basely too; Thou Turn Coat slave, where's your Orthodox Opinion now; your Healths in Ten quart Bottlers to the King? you are now first for the Pope, and then for Mahomet, either, or any side, so there's but Money: Plunder the City, raise the *Mobile* Plot with a

Priest.

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Priest here, otherwise call'd my Foot-man, and Coach-man the Tarpawlin:  
What think you now, Sir? [Pulls off their Disguises.]

Sir Barn. — His Foot-man! was ever Politician so o're-reacht.

Justice. — Secure him as a Traytor, and carry him to my house, where I'll take his Examination, and accordingly make his *Mittimus* to Newgate.

Sir Barn. — Well, I see I must be hang'd, and there's an end of't; but my Astrologer's a damn'd Dog for telling me I shou'd be a Duke though. But come, since it can't be help't, I'll then say my prayers, and suffer patiently, as the rest of my Tribe have done before me. [Exit.]

Justice. — Away, away with him.

Wild. — Was there ever such a Rascal?

Bened. — Yes, Thousands in their hearts; but some are stanch Politicians with a Pox to 'em.

Wild. — Rogues that speak Treason by allusion and *simile*; a new way they have got, wou'd there were a new way of hanging too: but come, 'tis late, my Mistress treats to night, thou shalt sup with me there.

Bened. — Your Mistress! oh, is it come to that?

Wild. — Yes, Sir, and shall continue so, I'm now Converted. [Exit.]

Enter Millicent and Townly's Man.

Mill. — Was not that Mr. Wildings Coach that went away just as we came in.

Serv. — Yes, Madam, and I heard him bid drive to my Lady Lefsy's.

Mill. — Pray heav'n he did not see me: Friend, your Master is a very naughty person to occasion me to venture my reputation in such a censorious place.

Serv. — He'll repair that fault, Madam, when he delivers his business.

Mill. — Lord, what an odious house 'tis! fough, what a stink is here of Tobacco? Can this be a place of pleasure for men of sense?

Serv. — Now, Madam, I hope you will believe me: here's my Master.

Enter Townly in Womens Cloaths.

Mill. — This he? what, and Metamorphos'd to an Exchange-Wench?

Townly. — So *Jove*, the Sire of all the Gods above,

Transform'd himself to gain *Europa's* Love.

Madam, I see you'r a Woman of Honour by being thus punctual, and ought to be trusted another time.

Mill. — I doubt that's more than I can safely say of you; I hope your Law-business is ended, Sir?

Townly. — Yes, I have overthrown my Adversary at last; but we had a long bout of't first, faith.

Mill. — And you came just now from *Westminster-Hall* in this garb?

Townly. — No Child, in this garb, no: I only devis'd this to be secure from discovery; for if I am not mistaken, I saw Sir *Water* below in a Ground-room; and he and I are fallen out of late.

*Mill.* — Sir *Walter*! What a fright am I in? are you sure he did not see me?

*Townly.* — No, nor me neither; he was very busie playing at Tick-tack with one of the Drawers.

*Enter Servant with Cloaths.*

*Serv.* — Sir, the Porter has brought your Cloaths.

*Townly.* — So, so that's well: Come, firrah, help me to Uarig: Pull off these damn'd Cobweb-Caps here, and give me my Peruke.

*Mill.* — And did you really disguise your self thus for my sake? *[Puts on his Wigg.]*

*Townly.* — Upon my soul did I; and if you don't think this a proof of my Love and Constancy, Gad, Madam, you're ungrateful.

*Mill.* — Nay, rather than be thought so, I will believe you.

*Townly.* — You have reason I think; you know I hate Lying. Come, firrah, give me my Coat. *[Boy helps it on.]*

*Enter the Captain.*

*Capt.* — I dogg'd my beloved Pinnacle to this house, and have now lost her: 'Spud I'me afraid she's no better than a Fireship, and ten to one comes here to be Man'd. How now! who are these?

*Townly.* — Dammee, Sir, is this civil to intrude? Hah! the Captain! *[Starts.]*

*Mill.* — Oh! fatal Chance!

*Capt.* — Oones, what's here a Man! Oh! I'me undone! abus'd! a Cuckold! oh! damn'd Whore, what turn'd to a Man?

*Serv.* — How! the Captain? nay, then all's discover'd; but I'll run and Inform Madam *Livia*, it may be she may help my Master. *[Exit.]*

*Capt.* — A *Hermaphrodite*, a Man! Oh! Villain, I'll give thee a Chace, Gun presently, a damn'd Son of a Whore. *[Draws.]*

*Townly.* — A Man! what d' you mean, Sir? why I'me a Woman I assure you, and a near Relation of this Lady's, upon my Honour. *[Courts'fies.]*

*Capt.* — What, a Woman?

*Townly.* — Yes, and this habit is only a preparation for a Masquerade to night; pray reform your Error, and do not fright me, Sir; I tell you I'me a Woman.

*Capt.* 'Spud show, show, I'll not believe you unless you show.

*Townly.* 'Sdeath what shall I do; nay more than that, Sir, upon my Honour I'me quick with Child.

*Capt.* — How, Quick! that's very likely: Oh! Dolt, Dunce, Fool, not to perceive the cheat before. Quick in the Devil's name.

*Townly.* — This is strange rudeness, Sir, to one you never saw before.

*Capt.* — No, no, I did not bring my Wife to you this afternoon, did I?

*Mill.* — How, bring his Wife to him?

*Townly.*

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*Townly.* —To me, Sir? Oh! the Devil now all comes out. [*Aside.*]

*Capt.* —No, no, nor like a Sea-Calf as I was, I did not lock ye both up together in the *Alcove*, did I?

*Mill.* 'Tis plain now, this disguise was not meant to me, but *Livia*. Oh! perjur'd Traytor!

*Capt.* —That I am a Cuckold, is most certain and a notorious Cuckold, and by my own contrivance too; had I been translated to a Sea horse, a Dog, a Calf, or any beast but that, I shou'd have been contented: but a Sea-Cuckold, 'sbud 'tis the most horrid Monster it has.

*Townly.* —A Cuckold! why then, Sir, upon my faith I'me incapacitated for any such business.

*Capt.* —A plague of your Capacity, I'll scowr your Midships presently; thus, Sir, and thus Monsieur *Rampant*.

*Enter Sir Walter.*

*Sir Walt.* —How now, what's the matter?

*Capt.* —A Rascal, a Cheat, a Cuckold-making Villain.

*Sir Walt.* —How, *Townly*?

*Capt.* —What, *Townly*? Oh! Damn'd Rogue, is't he all this while too?

*Townly.* —So, I've made a fine business on't.

*Sir Walt.* —Oh, Traytor! have we catcht you at last? Mawl him, Captain; Mawl him, he has Mawl'd you in the person of your Wife, to my knowledge. Hah! what's there my Spouse too!

*Mill.* —My Husband! Oh! curst minute!

*Capt.* —Nay, he has mawl'd us both if the truth were known.

*Sir Walt.* —My Wife found with him in an Eating *alias* Bawdy-house: Ay, 'tis evident now I'me a Cuckold both ways.

*Capt.* —However this Horn of mine shall knock his brains out.

*Sir Walt.* —And mine.

[*Strikes him.*]

*Townly.* —'Sdeath I shall be Murder'd.

*Enter Three Officers.*

*1 Offic.* —Here he is: Sir, I arrest you at the Suit of *Timothy Turpentine*, in an Action of 5*col*. Come, you must along with me. [*Gives a paper.*]

*Townly.* —Sir *Timothy Turpentine*? what a Pox is the meaning of this? I know no such man: 'Tis *Livia*'s hand; oh! the dear Creature.

*Reads.*

*I question whether you deserve this; however, knowing your necessity, I have conserr'd to get you off; meet me at the corner of the next Street, and hereafter (if possibly your sex can) be grateful.*

*1 Offic.* —Sir



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1 Offic. — Sir we are not us'd to delay; come, Brother, take him away.  
Sir Walt. — Ay, and the Devil go with him.  
Townly. Well, Gentlemen, stay till I put on my Breeches, and I'll obey your Authority.

1 Offic. — Oh! Sir, we'll take care of the Breeches, never fear: Come away, away.

Capt. — No remedy, no revenge upon this Rascal; have I boarded and took a *Galias* of the *Turky* with 800 Men in her, to lose my Honour here at home by a damn'd Fly-boat, with one Gun, a Fisherman, a Flap-Dragon, a Plague upon his Capacity.

Sir Walt. — This comes of Pimping, Captain; you must keep the door; 'twas not civil to disturb 'em; a fine time to use manners in, by my troth: And a man of sense, as I was, was not to be believ'd; your own Judgment, forsooth, must pass, not knowing that 'tis as unnatural for a true Tarpawlin to have Wit, as a true Wit to have Money.

Capt. — This comes of Matrimony. On my Conscience I had been an Admiral before now, if it had not been for a damn'd Wife.

Sir Walt. — Come, prithee let's go and make our selves drunk to put us in heart. 'Tis some comfort to me, however, to know that this blust'ring fool is a Cuckold as well as my self. [Aside.]

Capt. — A Quean, a Jilt; Oons I'll go home and flea her.

Sir Walt. — And so will I mine: and, Captain, dost hear, we'll have two pair of Gloves made of their skins, and make a present of 'em to the Devil, to keep us from any more such bargains.

Capt. — With all my heart, Gads bud.

[Exeunt.]

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## SCENE II.

*Enter Winifrid and Rachel.*

Winif. — **R**achel.

Rach. — **R** Madam.

Winif. — Give me the Pomatums and her Night-gloves; her hands have bin sery exceeding rough all this day.

Rach. — There has been a sharp Air, Madam.

Winif. — Got pless me, how pale her looks! It has made her lips chap too.

Rach. — All will be smooth and beautiful to morrow, Madam.

Winif. — No, I vow my pewties, I think, is in decays, as Moons in Wanes, or Flowers in Autumns. Rachel, how dost thou like me in these Dresses? should'st thou

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thou have heart-burnings and passions for me, if thou wert a Gentleman; hah?

*Rach.* — I wou'd I were one to put you to the proof.

*Winif.* — Nay, without doubt these Pinner must be becoming in beds, where there is good faces, look you; but what nauseous, ugly Night-dresses the men have, as got plets me; I never see a mans with his Crop-ears and his Night-caps, but I think upon crete Rogue, one *Shinkin*, *ap Powell*, *ap Shone*, *ap Davy*, *ap Cadwallar*, that was hang'd in *Montgomery*.

*Rach.* — Will not Mr. *Benedick* go down with you, Madam? he, I hope, has a face that wou'd set off any Drels.

*Winif.* Dull faces is the worst of all I vow, he is the fery Snail of his Sex, and much fitter for Lawyers, than Lovers; he wou'd lose Mistress for punctilio's, like a silly Rogues; and as, got save me, he that loses one critical minute, shou'd never be happy by another for *Winifrid*.

*Rach.* — I ever took him for a brisker man than to lose any Love-occasion.

*Winif.* — Fery good, then you do not know him so well as I, *Rachels*; besides, he has put wrongs and affronts upon *Winny*; and when her *Welsh* pload's up, Gads plut Revenges shall follow: Therefore, *Rachels*, pe sure you perform my Orders.

*Rach.* — I have made ready the Hanging-bed, Madam, and Oyl'd the Cords and Pulleys, as you bid me, but am wholly ignorant of your design.

*Winif.* — Designs is cood and fertuous, I wou'd expose leud fellows to Eyes and Observations, and Jeers and Laughters, look you: Hearn what noise is that! 'tis he I hope: and now for *Welsh* tricks and fallacies. [Exit.]

Enter Gratiana, Townly, Livia.

*Townly.* Most certainly he has discover'd us, for he saw us take Coach.

*Grat.* — And, Madam, are you sure he pursu'd you hither?

*Livia.* — Ah! too sure, Madam, he's at the door by this time; and being almost drunk, is posselt with the strangest fury and ill-nature, that unless you conceal me, who knows what his Barbarity may incite him to. Ah! Madam, Heav'n keep you from such a Husband. [Weeps.]

*Townly.* — Ah! Dear cunning Creature! [Aside.]

*Grat.* — If these are the blessings incident to such a life, I think the Prayer is necessary. Come, Madam, be comforted, and all the assistance I can lend you be sure of. Poor soul, she weeps extremely.

*Townly.* — Weep! I, Mill-stones.

*Grat.* — You are not involv'd in this business; I hope, Sir, the Captain has no reason to extend his rage to you.

*Townly.* — Not to me, 'dsheart I am plung'd deepest of all, Madam; he designs to cut my Throat, to Stab, to Pistol me only for taking her part.

*Grat.* — Madam, that door opens into a private, back Apartment; go and lock your self in, whilst I try if I can pacifie him: Hark! I think I hear him, in, in quickly: Nay, not you, Sir, I tell you 'tis a private Apartment, and not fit to entertain men. [Exit Livia.]

*Townly.*

*Townly.* — Entertainment! The Devil take me, Madam, if I expect any.

*Grat.* — You'll not be rude I hope, Sir; pray come back, I wonder what you take me for.

*Townly.* — Take thee for? why a good, fair, charming: Ah! Plague here shall I stand chatting punctilio's till I have a Bullet lodg'd in my head. For Heav'n's sake, Madam; if not there, show me some other place; for if he sees me, I'm undone.

*Grat.* — Oh! you can shift, Sir, you can shift; your sex is excellent at it; and were you distress'd, I know cou'd climb a Chimney as dextrously as e're a black boy in *Shoreditch*.

*Townly.* — Yes, choak't with Soot, e're I got half way, come tumbling down like a smoak't Flitch of Bacon.

*Grat.* — Or upon occasion to show your Agility, leap from a Window; these are large, and wide, Sir, and fit for such a purpose.

*Townly.* — Ay, and high enough to break ones neck too; 'Sdeath, Madam, d' you make a Gib-Cat of me, and think I can leap three Stories, and pitch upon all four; Fye, fye, I beseech you have Charity.

*Grat.* — What, lock you up in the dark with another mans Wife; a very decent piece of Charity indeed: but by this fear of yours, Sir, I guess you to be some Criminal; I have heard she had a Gallant; and now I think on't, it may be you are the Man.

*Townly.* — Now a lucky lye to help me off, or I'm ruin'd: *Tom Wilding*, Madam, indeed was suspected: but for my part, I never had such good fortune, I.

*Grat.* — What is't he says, *Wilding*? who, Sir? Pray that agen.

*Townly.* — Mr. *Wilding*, Madam, a witty man, and the best at a Wheadle and Town-Gallantry of any one I know.

*Grat.* — Perjur'd Traytor! how oft has he swore he never Lov'd any one but me? And, Sir, are you sure he is the man?

*Townly.* — Madam, why all the Town knows it: I know he's too cunning to confess any thing: Come, dear Madam, some Lobby or Closet, something. Hark! what noise is that?

*Grat.* — There is no Faith in man; none, none I swear; for when they vow, they lye; and if they weep, 'tis Crocodile-like, after they have done a mischief. Once more then farewell, soft passion, and all my tide of Love now turn to Anger. [Exit.]

*Townly.* — Nay, Madam, Madam, — What gone at last, and left me, the Devil's in these Virtuous Women, they are ever ill-natur'd. An honest, good-humour'd Whore wou'd have been damn'd e're she wou'd have left a Man so, but wou'd have found some hole or other to put one in. Well, here's hangings however, Gad I'll creep like a Rat in here, since there is no other hopes. [Exit.]

*Enter Millicent and Rachel.*

*Mill.* — Is it possible there can be such Treachery? are you sure you saw him here with *Livia*?

[Angrily.  
Rach.]

*Rach.* — Mr. Townly is a Man so generally known, Madam, that you need not fear my mistake.

*Mill.* — 'Tis plain now, the Arrest was only a trick of hers to get him off; Oh! subtle Devil, she out-wits me every way. Well, bring me but to him, and I have my wish: there's a Purse for thee; an Earnest of a greater reward, if I find thou canst keep a secret.

*Rach.* — So these are the infallible keys that unlock the Consciences of all my Function: This is certainly one of Townly's conveniencies; a Miss of Quality, as he calls 'em, that is grown jealous, has dogg'd him hither, and designs hereafter to make him pay for his Treachery. Madam, I have consider'd on't, and will do my best endeavour to serve you; pray follow me softly, I'm sure he's not far off.

*Mill.* — Believe a man when he swears? No, I'de believe the Devil sooner, if he shou'd take a Ghostly Oath for Reformation. [Exit.]

*Enter Benedick and Winifrid.*

*Winif.* — And will you Marry me, as Got pless you? will you always have Loves and Fidelities indeed?

*Bened.* — Oh! will I live? will I be happy? prithee do not doubt me.

*Winif.* — I fow my heart does so tremble and pear, and her was so a-sham'd.

*Bened.* — Of what, my Dear? there is no cause.

*Winif.* — Oh! there is crete Causes; for when firginities is gone, what will pecome of my poor Souls, look you?

*Bened.* — Thy Soul! why, it shall be exchang'd for mine, and, happy we, shall by the Transmigration be Immortal.

*Winif.* — I swear you are sery leud mans to tempt me thus.

*Bened.* — I swear you are more cruel to deny me thus.

*Winif.* — Oh! Heav'ns! but her was afraid 'tis grievous sins.

*Bened.* — 'Pshaw, 'pshaw, a Sin! no, no, a Trifle, no more than telling a lye, a Venial Error. Gad I must make haste, for if she get once into a Religious vein, the Devil can't retrieve her. Come, come dear creature, delay is death to me.

*Winif.* — Well, get you to that ped there, I'll go and dispose *Rachels* out of the way, and then if you will be so unnatural.

*Bened.* — Do not believe I will. Go fly then with all the Wings of Love, for I shall wait thee with impatience.

*Winif.* — Alas poor fools, her shall return too soon if her knew all. Now for the rest of tricks and projects, and then *Winny* shall laugh, and take revenges of dull fellows, that lose Plessings, and Critical Minutes, and Love-seasons. [Exit.]

*Bened.* — Consent adds as much to the Joys of Love as Beauty; 'tis the life, the soul of Enjoyment, when a dear-bought Amour, by talking, toying, sweating and struggling diminishes half the pleasure; and is just like one that

rides a tedious Journey upon a damn'd trotting Horse, to possess an inconsiderable profit, not worth a quarter of his pains. She stays long, pray heav'n she does not fall into a Fit of Religion agen, that's all my fear.

*Capr. within.* — There's a Room lock't; by *Mars* I'll see what's there. *HO*

*Bened.* — Hark! what noise is that? a plague on her trifling; if she'd come and lock the door, we shou'd be safe.

*Cap.* — I'll hear no Excuses, either let me search fairly, or I'll send for my Lord Chief Justices Warrant.

*Enter Liwia.*

*Livia.* — Was ever poor Woman so distress'd? if I had staid a minute longer in that room, he had certainly found me, for 'tis unfurnish'd, and has no place of shelter. Where I am, I know not, nor what way to escape. Oh! for a favourable Window now, but one Story high, opening into a heav'nly Garden; I'd venture a Leg or an Arm with all my heart: Hark! he's coming, oh! whither shall I run. — Ha, what's here a bed? I think 'tis so; I'll wrap my self in the Bed-cloaths, it may be some obliging Deity will pity me, and cast a mist before his Eyes.

*Bened.* — She keeps her word I see.

*Livia.* — Ah! what's here a Man. Pray *Bened. goes to embrace her; she shrieks and starts back.*  
Sir, let me go, I am not the person you expect. *[Here the Bed is drawn up.*  
What's here a Chest? I'll get in here, it may be *[Gets into the Chest.*  
this may secure me.

*Capr.* — Search you that Cabin, Sir *Walter*, whilst I go in here and sound your Sugar-Chest.

*Bened.* — Hah! that's a man's voice, some-body is coming in 'higher sure'; but, by way of prevention, I'll go and bolt the door. How now! what a Devil is the meaning of this? where's the Floor? I believe the Devil is building, and has taken it away to supply his Domestick occasions.

*Enter Captain and Gratiana.*

*Grat.* — Jealousie, like sickness, is ever forming monstrous fancies: Pray what have you found now? wou'd he had her, for I hate her for that Traytor *Wilding's* sake. *[Aside.*

*Capr.* — She scuds before the Wind now, but I shall weather her anon: How now? what have we here a bed, and hanging in the Air by Geometry?

*Grat.* — My Nieces bed, Sir, made after the manner of a *Welsh Hamack*; I believe she's in it too, you had best be rude now, and disturb her.

*Capr.* — Hamock? why how the Devil can she get into it? Oons can she fly?

*Grat.* — No, Sir, and yet make use of it when she has occasion.

*Capr.* — Come, come, I'll search, I'll see who's there. — Well, what News, Sir *Walter*?

*Enter.*



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*Enter Sir Walter.*

*Sir Walt.* — News! rare News, blessed News; why I have found 'em at last; there has been hopeful doings yonder behind the Hangings.

*Capt.* — Between whom?

*Sir Walt.* — Ev'n *Townly* and your blessed Wife; they have been communicating, it seems, for your good, Captain.

*Capt.* — Oh Dog! oh Rascal! steer me to him quickly — 'Shud I'll sea him as I wou'd do an Eel.

*Sir Walt.* — I can but laugh to think how demurely, how sneakingly the Rogue stood up in the corner among the Codwebs.

*Capt.* — A Pox, bring me to him; do that; let me see him.

*Grat.* — So this will be some revenge upon her however. [*Aside.*

*Sir Walt.* — They are secur'd, and I'll shew thee the place; but I'll not be seen in person, for a private reason, best known to my self.

*Grat.* — Nor I neither, though I wish her the punishment she deserves; I'll not be accessory. [*Aside.*

*Capt.* — I care not, away, Port hard, and put the Keel a-Weather; away, scowr. [*Exeunt.*

*Livia.* — So, now I hope Fortune will smile upon me.

*Bened.* — 'Sdeath here's a whole Troop coming, and *Wilding* amongst 'em; is there no way to escape?

*Enter Sir Walter, Wilding, Winifrid, and Servants.*

*Wild.* — Ha, ha, ha; there in that hanging-bed, say'st thou?

*Winif.* — Yes, I sow in *Altitudes* and *Expectations* of *Winny's* company's; Alas! poor *Shentleman's*.

*Omnis.* — Ha, ha, ha. [*All laugh at Benedick.*

*Sir Walt.* — How *Benedick*?

*Winif.* — Cood morrows, cood Sir, methinks Loves, and Passions, and kind Pedsfellows makes her look fery pale and wan, cood Sir.

*Sir Walt.* — This comes of Whoring, *Benedick*; this comes of Whoring.

*Wild.* — How? is she angry, say'st thou? [*Enter Rachel, and whispers Wilding.*

*Sir Walt.* — Ha, ha, ha.

*Bened.* — I shall be angry, Sir, if you pursue this humour; but for thee, I'll only give thee this Curse, may Pride, Pox, and Poverty possess thee till thou art nauseous to thy own Sex, and contemptible to ours. [*Exit.*

*Winif.* — Ah, say your prayers petter, and chuse plessed minutes and opportunities, you never else will win fair Ladies, upon my Souls, look you:

*Enter Captain and Townly fighting, Millicent Mask't, and Servants.*

*Sir Walt.* — Uddo, the Porpoise appears now, cheer up my hearts, here's a Storm a coming. So, Captain, you have found 'em I see. [*Parting 'em.*]

*Capt.* — Found who, Sir? what mean you, Sir, Hoh?

*Sir Walt.* — Mean, Sir, hoh? I mean you're a Cuckold, Sir; what a Pox shou'd I mean?

*Capt.* — With your favour, Sir, I ever give precedence to one of your Quality; you are a Knight, Sir.

*Sir Walt.* — But my Wife is no such Strumpet, Sir, to follow a man about the Town, Sir; Ha, ha, ha. Nay, Madam, you must not leave us, faith.

[*She's going, and he holds her.*]

*Capt.* — No, faith Madam, you must not leave us, you must unvail first; yours is a face, the Gentleman may know if he looks twice upon't.

*Sir Walt.* — Yes, yes, I have had the Honour to see her:—What's here? what my Wife!

*Capt.* — No, no, a Strumpet, a Quean, that follows every man, Ha, ha, ha.

*Sir Walt.* — My Spouse! oh! Impudent! oh! Salacious Varlet! Jilt! Ye Jabel! let me come to her.

*Townly.* — Pray hear me, Sir.

*Capt.* — Ay, pray hear him, Sir.

*Sir Walt.* — Yes, you're a precious fellow to be heard, Sir: Oh, Rascal, did you not swear by *Gog*, and *Magog*, and two or three Devils more, never to Violate the Person of my Wife.

*Townly.* — Nor have I, Sir, upon my faith.

*Mill.* — This is my time to escape, if ever, and I see I must make use of it.

[*Exit.*]

*Sir Walt.* — And did I not for this reason read her o're, as it were a Lecture to thee? nay, there's ne're a Wart nor a Mole about her but I describ'd, like a Son of a Whore as I was.

*Townly.* — I confess it, Sir, and my Fidelity both to her and you, I hope, has been apparent.

*Capt.* — Ay, ay, behind the Hangings very apparent indeed. Well, since this is the fate of Wiving; 'Shud, for the future, I'll ev'n revenge my self in the same manner; I have two Whores that lye yonder at *Wapping*, they are well wash't, and tallow'd, and want only Rigging: by *Mars* I'll board 'em to night.

*Livia.* — What, both, Sir? both I beseech you, spare one till to morrow.

[*Peeping out of the Chest.*]

*Capt.* — My Wife here too, and conceal'd in the Sugar-Chest.

*Livia.* — Shall not I have the Honour to warm their Night-Cloaths, or untie their Shooes, Sir? a poor Cast Saylor of yours that wants employment.

*Capt.* — No.

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*Capt.* — No, Mistress, you are Boarded already, it seems by a new Officer there, and no doubt but he has giv'n thee Press-money.

*Livia.* — Not yet, Sir; I am not prepar'd; I am not Wash't nor Tallow'd, as your two Whores are at *Wapping*.

*Capt.* — Plague on her, the Jade has got the Wind on me.

*Livia.* — Behaving your self so honourably towards me, could you not forbear being Jealous, Sir? nay, and of Mr. *Townly* too; when had not his Intrigue with my Lady *Millicent* a little free'd me, Lord, what a Storm poor I thou'd have suffer'd under your boisterous imagination.

*Sir Walt.* — Thou notorious Varlet, did not I positively enjoyn thee to rules of modesty, and not to touch any thing bare above her ankle, hah? Hold up your hand; art thou Guilty, or not Guilty? hah?

*Townly.* — Not Guilty, my Lord.

*Sir Walt.* — Well, though I know thou liest; a Pox take thee, I will believe thee, because 'tis for my quiet; but I will fight with thee too, because it is for my honour; make thee beg thy life, and afterwards kill thee to satisfy my revenge; for thou hast, I vehemently suspect, made me a double Cuckold both in Wife and Mistress, and therefore double shall be the punishment.

*Capt.* — Nay, it shall be Treble, for I'll have a snack of him, by *Mars*.

*Townly.* — So I shall be cut into streaks sure; and fry'd for their Suppers: Look, Gentlemen, pray no more words on't; as far as my Sword can go, 'tis heartily at your service.

*Sir Walt.* — When this is done, I'll bid farewell to this damo'd debauch'd Town; for my part, I'll scow down to *Lancashire* and reap my Barley.

*Capt.* — And I'll to Sea agen, I and my Jolly Crew.

*Livia.* — Whores and all, Sir?

*Capt.* — Yes, Buttock, Whores and all; there will I Conquer some flourishing Island, where I will plant a Colony, live out the rest of my days merrily, and defie the Devil and Fortune.

*Livia.* — And I, poor melancholy Widow, will devote my self to my Closet, and spend the rest of my days in Prayers and Contemplations.

*Winif.* — And that is fery solitary livings and recreations, upon my Soul is it, look you.

*Enter Wilding and Gratiana.*

*Wild.* — Not to hear my defence, is barbarous.

*Grat.* — 'Tis Justice when the wrong's so palpable.

*Wild.* — Your humour makes 'em so, although they are not.

*Grat.* — You are rude, pray keep your way.

[*Flings away*]

*Wild.* — There's no such Pride as Womans!

The Ambitious Statesman gay, and fond of Rule,

The Witless Courtier, and the Upstart Fool

had never half this Vanity; yet you shall see your Error. Hearn, Sir! did you tell this Lady I was a Servant to Madam *Livia* there.

[*To Townly.*

*Townly.*

*Townly.* — So, here's another Thunderbolt! A Fox on my Lying tongue, it will be my ruine one time or other. *[Aside.]*  
*Why, faith Tom, to deal freely with thee, I confess I did tell her some such business.*

*Wild.* — Then, Sir, you ate a Rascal, and follow me, and no more of this. *[Exit.]*  
*Townly.* — Not a foot, by this light I will not fight with thee, Tom, before Supper: But to put an end to the business.

*Madam,* what I told you was a damn'd Lye, and there is no truth in me.

*Wild.* — That's not enough, Sir: did ever I speak to thee of that Lady?

*Townly.* — Never, never, the Devil take me if thou didst.

*Wild.* — Now, Madam, what satisfaction must I expect?

*Grat.* — A man of Honour will be contented with what's reasonable: there's my hand.

*Wild.* — Heart and Lip too, or else the Article's not Seal'd. *[Kisses her.]*

*Grat.* — Besides, if you love me, 'twill be the easier to pardon.

*Wild.* — I swear I love thee; but this haughty humour, this Cloud that shades the Sun of Perfection, does somewhat cool my passion: for believe me, Madam, and let your Sex all heed this Observation,

*Fools may love Pride, and a coy face adore;  
Just Spaniel-like, though beaten, cringe the more.  
To such be proud and vain, but shun th' Offence,  
If you would'st not attract a man of Sense.  
Pride hinders there the Joys his Love would bring,  
As Storms and Frosts keep back the kindly Spring.*

FINIS

## EPILOGUE spoken by a New ACTRESS.

**S**ince Wit and Merit ne're can have the Grace,  
 To make you Pleadere in the Poets Case ;  
 Nor this Collation gratefully to take,  
 Who knows but you may do it for my sake :  
 For though in vain men for your favour sue,  
 We women often have a trick will do :  
 And therefore I am sent here to engage  
 Friends to his side, and calm the Criticks rage.  
 If I should fail, he would be apt to say  
 That I was in the fault, I damn'd his Play.  
 I that till now ne're so expos'd have bin,  
 Nay, and if hiss'd, will never Act agen.  
 Then blast not, Sirs, the blissome in its prime,  
 Pray let me not be damn'd before my time ;  
 I never bubbled ye, ne're made a League,  
 And after Jilted ye with false Intrigue ;  
 Ne're balk'd your Passion with Sham (female) Plots,  
 Your Pocket's pickt, or stole your lac'd Crevats ;  
 Besides, with your Opinion too I'm blest'd,  
 I'll take't on my Salvation I'm no Priest :  
 Nor did Religion e're my brains controul ;  
 I am like you, of none, upon my Soul.  
 Great Interest to me the Golden Shore is,  
 Interest that makes you Fools, and Whiggs and Tories :  
 'Tis that obliges me with kind behaviour,  
 For th' Poet humbly sue to get your favour.  
 I could command, but that's not yet my due,  
 Nor will not be (perhaps) this year or two.  
 But if you fail, look you your ground maintain,  
 For there will come a time when I shall raign.  
 A time will come, when Chloris shall be haunted ;  
 Then all your Joys and Raptures shall be scant'd,  
 And what you long wish for, shall ne're be granted.





